The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1623 FEB. 28, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

LIBERTY CRETONNES

NEW & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS RICH & BEAUTIFUL IN COLOUR

FROM 2/- A YARD

30 INS WIDE

PATTERNS POST FREE

LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON. W.1

Drink Apollinaris Natural Mineral Water with your Whisky, and enjoy both.

TO SAVE YOUR COMPLEXION USE BEETHAM'S Larola

The extremities of winter weather have then no effect upon the skin, and wind-burn, redness, chapping, etc., will disappear. A little applied night and morning takes but a few moments but ensures comfort and a healthy skin. Gentlemen should use it before and after shaving to ensure skin comfort.

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE Drambuie PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. Ltd., 9, UNION ST., EDINBURGH

Free sample sent on receipt of twelve penny stamps to cover packing and postage.

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

MEDITERRANEAN SEA HOLIDAYS are a Spring Tonic. Sunshine and sea air—voyaging in pleasant waters—complete comfort.

Get Programme from:

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.

Motorists, Beware smooth treads! Fit

AVON

NON-SKID TYRES

AND RIDE SAFE

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

For friends who ride regularly to hounds there could be no more useful and appreciated gift than a convenient stand to hold the week's list of meets. Amongst the many gadgets for sportsmen which the Sporting Gallery is now exclusively showing, hunting people will find a variety of such stands, at prices to suit all purses. A type much favoured, made in oak or mahogany, bears on its front a metal plaque, chromium plated (and therefore requiring no cleaning) which is engraved after a drawing by LIONEL EDWARDS, IVESTER LLOYD, or other well-known sporting artists. Stands thus embellished for Staghounds, Harriers, Beagles and Otterhounds are obtainable, and particulars will be sent on application.

Prices from **31s. 6d.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2

Moments of Sweet Meditation with

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

20 for 11½D

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

N.C.C. 17 B

A REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY

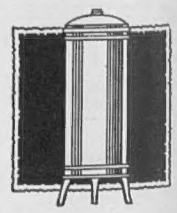
The Gas Industry now offers you *The New Thermal Storage Method* of heating water. This brings steaming hot water to every hot tap in your house, whenever you want it. *And at a remarkably low cost.*

"At a remarkably low cost"—that is the special advantage of this new system. The hot water storage tank and the gas heater form one complete unit. The storage tank is like a large thermos flask. It is so perfectly insulated that water once heated up loses hardly any heat. Therefore *only a tiny glimmer of gas is needed to keep it steaming hot.*

This new heater is automatic in action. There is not the slightest work to do. You light it and leave it to look after itself, safe and certain, day and night. It turns up the gas when water needs heating, and turns it down when the water is hot. *You must learn more about this revolutionary discovery.* Visit your gas showrooms or write to the address below.

GAS

THE PREMIER FUEL FOR WATER HEATING



There is a Thermal Storage Gas Water Heater to suit your home. The installation is a simple and inexpensive matter. Write for free leaflet which gives particulars and pictures.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
28, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIV. No. 1623 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, February 28, 1931

The CULT of the BARE in The NEW GERMANY

The Reichsbanner Anniversary Celebration

(See page 317 in this issue)

The intense passion for athletics and its exiguous garb that characterizes Germany to-day reached, perhaps, its most astonishing public manifestation in the celebration of the seventh anniversary of the foundation of the Reichsbanner, the central organization protecting the Government, as an aid to the police, against the Hitlerites on the Right and the Communists on the Left. The picture reproduced above shows the gathering beneath the Republican standards of this central force. A surprising note was struck by the body that mustered stripped to the waist and clad only in running shorts and shoes, despite the inclement weather. This is typical of the extremes to which periods of transition inevitably lead; for even the stark nudity of the mixed sun-bathing beaches pales into insignificance beside the appearance in a serious political gathering of this body of almost naked patriots.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 25, 1931.

Mr. Baldwin Wins.—In the B.B.C. Unemployment Stakes Mr. Baldwin romped home an easy winner. The B.B.C. has to be so careful; knowledge, high ideals, yes; but party bias, no. The Labour and Liberal voices in that unemployment symposium on the Radio made some effort to keep within their brief. And Mr. Baldwin promised to do the same. No party bitterness or bickering, just a helpful contribution to a great national problem. And now followed a red-hot, gloves-off, blunt, plain, hustings, fighting election speech, such as I have rarely heard of late years. It was a roar to the nation to rally round, to grasp the speaker, and dump him in the Premier's chair, evading somehow or other the frail body of Mr. George which hovers like Banquo's ghost to prevent that happy arrangement. Fortunately his shadow grows humiliatingly less at every by-election. We must presume that in the now simple and clear-cut Conservative policy the cure for unemployment lies—safeguarding and the quota. Economy? At this point Mr. Baldwin *did* glance at his brief, and was able to reject any reference to that topic, so highly delicate in an election speech, as being outside the terms of a debate on unemployment. Mr. Baldwin was the first to grasp (in the General Strike) the value of Radio for propaganda, and he has certainly so far got the most out of it. His speech last week must have won him thousands of votes. And in my view the present crisis justified his departure from the terms of reference laid down by the B.B.C.

Islington.—In the sober light of the morning after, how does General Critchley feel about it all? He is only a pawn in someone else's game, he has been used as a catspaw, and has succeeded in inflicting an ugly gash in a deplorable rough and tumble. Not a very dignified start to a political career. He has turned a big Conservative victory into a Labour triumph, and has lost his own party and his country the services of a capable Member of Parliament. The records of the Crusade have proved one thing conclusively that you cannot get outstanding men to play this unpleasant rôle in politics, and that is a great pity. For there is need of good brains, high character, knowledge, and fine ideals in Parliament to-day. I sometimes think that one of the greatest, most pregnant, "ifs" of history is this: "If Mr. Max Aitken had not decided to quit Canada for the Mother-country's good." The long expected political crisis is very near now. A discredited Government, internally disrupted, a Liberal party smashed to its final ruin by the egotism of its leader, opens the way for the Conservatives, if the Conservatives were all facing the same way. But nothing, it seems, can heal that breach which is as much personal as political. While it persists, it is in vain that Mr. Baldwin sounds his clarion call. His chief lieutenants are thinking of a side-track, little explored—the national Government expedient, which finds employment for those only who have had the character, the energy, and the imagination to lift themselves above the bickerings and ambitions of parties in the past year of political humiliation.

A Note on Die-hards.—King Alfonso, thanks to his political genius and gambler's luck, seems to have once more staved off the inevitable. But he is in the last ditch. The history of the die-hards has still to be written. It is a record, I fear, of failure and wasted effort. In English history, when it first emerged from the darkness of traditions and fable, Canute stands out as a pioneer die-hard. But the rising tide beat him and made him ridiculous. There is no going back in life and evolution. Our reactions are mental not material; our periodic "returns" to discarded habits of thought or fashion are not ever retrograde movements. We are merely modernizing or adapting trifles which are ever preserved in our store cupboards. And therefore it seems to me to-day such men as Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd with their views on India, and King Alfonso, seeking to check the tide of opinion in Madrid, are only going to get their feet wet. They reply that wet feet are better than cold feet. And a great proportion of us agree with their principles but have learned from the pages of history to bow gracefully to the inevitable, such as the constitutionalizing of sovereigns. Evolution in civilized states is pressed on by the force of mass opinion slowly gathering. And most of us accept it that the masses must buy their experience and know the tragedy of the Gadarene swine. But we accept it also that no human barrier can stem the porcine rush. The thrones of the Bourbons are not immortal. The very name spells change. And a thousand Churchills and Lloyds will not avert the tragedies which India is as determined as predestined to suffer.

When Knights Are Bold.—There is nothing modern in the bestowal of knighthoods on adventurous pioneers. Some people seemed to think that the Sovereign was creating a new precedent when the first airman record-breaker was so honoured. But those who to-day explore the possibilities of speed on land and sea and in the air are the direct successors of the old Elizabethan rovers who explored the equally unknown and uncertain Pacific. Queen Elizabeth knighted Sir Francis Drake, and such men as Alcock, Cobham, Segrave, and Campbell are the modern counterparts of Drake. There remains, however, a curious contrast in the following fancy picture of two brothers. A. passes an examination on leaving school, and enters the Inland Revenue Department. He makes his way slowly and laboriously; six days a week for fifty weeks each year he catches the 8.10 up from Surbiton, and returns by the 6.4. This is his adventurous Odyssey during thirty-five years. At the end of it, just as he is about to take his pension, he learns that the King has been pleased to bestow on him a knighthood. His younger brother, B. follows the footsteps of the modern speed kings and air pioneers. And one day, while still a young man, he startles the world and registers his name by breaking a speed or an air record, and is rewarded with a knighthood. The sober official world, hearing of his success, is reminded of the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. The same coin rewards the ten-hour day and the two-hour shift. How unjust the complaint! One crowded hour can never achieve the triumphs of Campbell. To do what he did at Daytona and Verneuk Pan he has crammed into the last ten years as much concentrated endeavour, as much meticulous pains, as brother A. could compass in two calm stretches of thirty-five years.

A Legal Come-back.—The usher in Court IV, K.B.D., thought that the good old days had returned last Thursday morning, when Lord Darling came back to the scene of his former triumphs, encouraged, I have no doubt, by my reference last week to the vitality of our octogenarians in general and himself in particular. Interest in the Law Courts has been very lukewarm and sensations rare of late, and Lord Darling's return did have a very marked effect on the *va et vient* of Court IV, which a decade ago rang so merrily with the titters of a mystified gallery and a tactful bar over jests and wit which was not always appreciated at its true value. Lord Darling's wit is erudite and obscure, his mind is very quick (still), his movements are still brisk, birdlike, and impish; no chance to air his admirable French is ever missed. But in my experience 60 per cent. of his shafts miss the goal, being aimed too high for the audience. *Experto crede.* I have been a close observer of Lord Darling, having more than once served as his marshal and sat by his side in many dingy assize courts, which he very seldom lightened with his merry sallies. A better minister of swift, impartial, and silent justice in criminal cases I never heard. In sensational civil cases I frankly admit he seemed sometimes to spin the proceedings out unnecessarily.

Exhibition Makers.—It is just and apt to-day, when many high hopes are set on the results of the British Exhibition at Buenos Ayres which the Prince of Wales has taken so determinedly under his wing, to throw a beam of publicity on one or two of the men who have done much to organize, from a base or G.H.Q. 7,000 miles distant, the first all-British trade show ever held on foreign soil. I suppose one is correct in describing as foreign a soil in which 600 millions of British capital has been sowed? A nation, linked by innumerable ties of respect, understanding, and kindness. Anyway, let me name first Mr. Bellasis, a principal organizer, deservedly known as the Exhibition King. He was an old hand at this intricate business long before Wembley, and what he does not know about trade shows to-day would be invisible on a pinhead. A young-looking, not over-dressed, melancholy, imperturbable man, the very antithesis of boost but a whale to get things done. And next I name Mr. W. S. Barclay—they are safely out of the country and won't hear me—the secretary. If any man is versatile that man is Mr. W. S. Barclay, geologist, author, explorer, miner, antiquarian, linguist, geographist; he is equally at home in the land of Magellan and in Clifford's Inn, and equally steeped in local history and traditions. He has discovered lost races at Cape Horn and a cache of Jacobean documents in a walled-in cupboard in his private rooms in one of the Inns of Court. His acquaintance is unnumbered, since the task were impossible. The obsession of his life is permanence. He dooms himself to constant change of scene and occupation, and certainly proves the case for the rolling stone. For, though no longer young, his mind has gathered not a frond of moss, and in figure and elasticity he remains the eternal boy. Messrs. Bellasis and Barclay are a pair of good companions to work with, and if space allowed I could name a third Musketeer.

The New Staff for Rideau House.—The Governor-General designate of Canada has chosen an experienced staff. As Comptroller he will have as first Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Snow, C.M.G., who held that office under Lord Willingdon, while for Secretary he has secured the services of Captain A. F. Lascelles, M.C., who was for several years Assistant Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales. Captain Lascelles has a wide experience of this work, having served on the staff of his brother-in law, Lord Lloyd, when as Sir George Lloyd he was Governor of Bombay, and having accompanied the Prince on his Canadian and African tours. During those visits to Canada Captain Lascelles had opportunities to meet and make friends with most of the leading Canadians with whom he will now once more come in contact socially and officially. He married a daughter of Lord Chelmsford, and Mrs. Lascelles' experience of official life in Australia and India will prove of immediate and considerable assistance to Lady Bessborough.

THE WINE OF SUCCESS: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell toast the "Bluebirds" in which they achieved their several notable successes—she for her perilous flight to Tokio in a 'plane on view in a window in Burlington Gardens; he for his shattering victory in terrestrial speed at Daytona. This picture was taken during the reception at which they were entertained at the May Fair Hotel

The Triumphant Daughter.—South African cricket wears a smile of triumph, discreetly held in check, as befits the younger generation relegating its parent to the chimney corner. The South Africans at the end of the fourth test are in a happy position. They cannot be beat. They will probably be victorious; and they will be victorious against a reasonably representative British Test team. Indeed, there was only one addition of strength to the touring side which the selectors at the last moment—and too late—desired to make. The team we sent out was considered to be good enough, allowing for the fact that the selectors were determined to provide experience to a certain percentage of young players. Our handicaps were lack of experience of matting wickets and climatic conditions, too much non-stop cricket by our star players and—the pin pricks of that irrepressible and incurably American Lady Astor. The first of these was an inevitable handicap and prevented our team finding their form till after the second test; the second has placed on the shelf untimely, *inter alios*, that hard working and really gifted bowler Tate, and it might and should have been avoided. As for the pin pricks of Lady Astor, this is a thorn in the national hide which is now philosophically accepted as one of life's inevitable handicaps.

Melba.—How fast the great singers of my youth follow one another to the silent land. I referred a week or two back to Melba's unostentatious hospitality in Australia, so welcome to English visitors; and she was equally at home and *grande dame* in Paris and London. Nellie Mitchell was born in 1859 in Melbourne of mixed Scotch and Spanish ancestry; she was trained in Paris and made her *début* in London as Lucia in '88. She became one of the great figures in the London Season in the great Edwardian Age of tiaras and splendour, when she and Caruso and Tetrazzini and the de Reszkes made music for the elect, and the occupants of the Royal and Omnibus boxes were reported in next day's *Times*. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of her *début* (in 1913) she had a wonderful reception which cost me a new top hat. She did a great deal during the War for war charities and was made a D.B.E.; was singing at Covent Garden again in 1919 and 1923, and made her last appearance in opera only on June 8, 1926. Indeed we heard her golden voice raised in the cause of charity only last year. She will be best remembered in *Bohème*. The story of her life was well told by herself and published in 1925.

Signs of Hope.—Given two days sunshine, we shall be strolling out again after tea or even exploring Kew for pink blossom. Next month the sporting fixtures, which definitely connect us with the summer pageantry of games on green lawns and gleaming rivers, will begin. Already we hear of little whispers of returning hope. Hope of good results from the Great Industry Fairs, hope of the Government's awakening to realities, hope alternatively of the Government's demise. And we are soon to have a chance of trying the best prescription of all—laughing and crying at the same time—for the new Chaplin film is another *Gold Rush* and Charlie is here to give the affair a good kick-off. Something new is what we crave for. The old programmes, the old politics, the old outworn formulæ and shibboleths are become dead sea fruit. If we can't yet hope for a new Government and new ideals, let us at least take what comfort we can from the return of light and Charlie Chaplin.

THE OLD STAGER.

The ROUND of the DAY

Pictured News from Many Quarters

AN ELECTION VIGNETTE: A husband at Islington waits with a future voter while his wife records her suffrage. The seat was held by the Labour Party, although with a decreased majority. The Crusader, General Critchley, defeated the official Tory candidate, Miss Cazalet, but the joint Conservative votes out-numbered by 50 per cent. those cast for the Socialist

BURMESE VISITORS TO HYDE PARK: Lady Shaw, the wife of Sir George Shaw, C.S.I., who officiated as Lieutenant-Governor of Burma in 1913 after thirty-four years' service in the Indian Civil Service, with a friend, Matin Mynn, enjoys the sunshine

VICTORY! Mr. R. J. S. M. Arnold who, at the age of 14½, was declared the winner of the annual and traditional pancake ceremony at Westminster School on Shrove Tuesday. When the pancake is tossed it always breaks and the scholar who obtains the largest portion is awarded a prize. Mr. Arnold is in Busby's House

REPRESENTING BRITISH GOLF: Miss Diana Fishwick, the British woman golf champion of the world, is in America leading a team of Britons to participate in the forthcoming championships and other tournaments in Florida. Miss Fishwick is seen above at Palm Beach in a conveyance indigenous to the district—a bathchair propelled by a negro cyclist

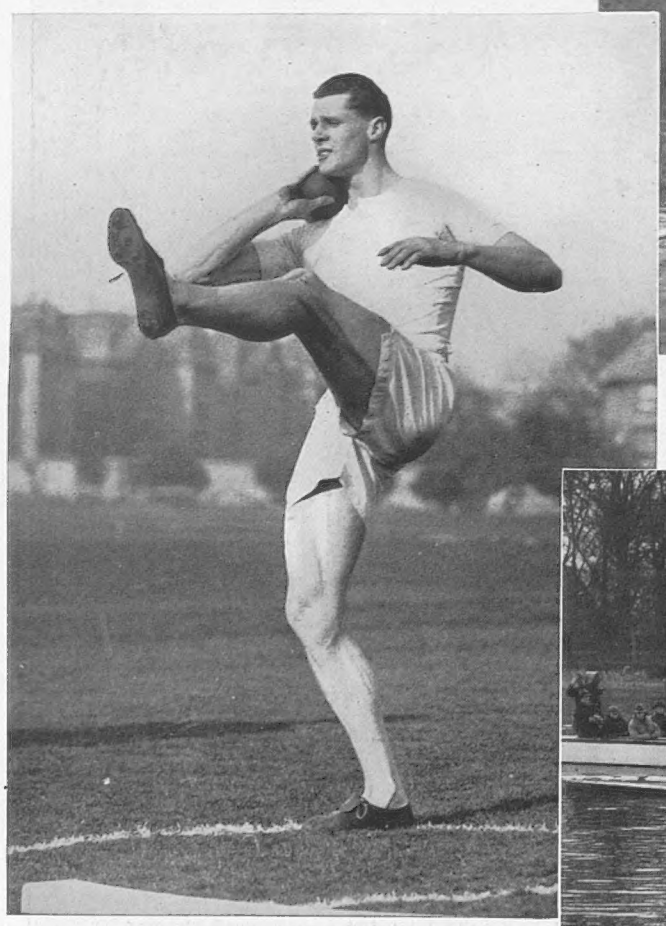
"EN PLEIN AIR"

Athletics Triumphant at the Call of Spring

"WELL ROWED!": Enthusiastic supporters on the towpath cheer the Ladies Invitation Scratch Eights at Isleworth. One crew had a mother and her daughter as members

THE WINNER OF FIVE EVENTS: The President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, Mr. R. M. N. Tisdall (Shrewsbury and Caius), putting the weight at the Cambridge Sports at Fenner's ground. He won in addition to this event the 120 yds. hurdles, the 440, the 220 yds. low hurdles, and the long jump

LIGHT BLUE: The Cambridge Eight at Goring. Bow, R. H. H. Symonds (Bedford and Lady Margaret); 2, W. A. Prideaux (Eton and Third Trinity); 3, C. M. Fletcher (Eton and Third Trinity); 4, H. R. N. Rickett (Eton and Third Trinity); 5, P. M. Carpmael (Oundle and Jesus); 6, G. Gray (Bolton and Queen's); 7, C. J. S. Sergel (Monkton Combe and Clare); stroke, T. A. Brocklebank (Eton and Third Trinity); Cox, J. M. Ranking (Cheltenham and Pembroke)



AN ALL-ROUNDSMAN: Mr. R. M. N. Tisdall, the President of C.U.A.C., who had a phenomenally successful day last Saturday, when he won five events at Fenner's. He is seen on this page in two striking attitudes during the weight-putting event. He also won both hurdles events, the quarter, and the long jump

DARK BLUE: The Oxford Eight at Henley. Bow, T. E. Tinne (Eton and University); 2, G. M. L. Smith (Winchester and B.N.C.); 3, R. A. J. Poole (Eton and B.N.C.); 4, C. M. Johnston (Shrewsbury and B.N.C.); 5, J. F. Platts-Mills (Nelson College, N.Z., and Balliol); 6, L. Clive (Eton and Christ Church); 7, W. D. C. Erskine Crum (Eton and Christ Church); Stroke, C. F. Martineau (Harrow and University); Cox, E. R. Edmett (Herne Bay and Worcester)

EUROPE *in its* LIGHTER MOMENTS

MARDI GRAS: Students of the *quartier latin* parade the Boul' Mich' (Boulevard St. Michel) in the annual Shrove Tuesday *monome*

THE CELEBRATION OF THE INNOCENCE ORDER: Debutantes were received by the Crown Prince and Princess Ingrid of Sweden during the celebration of the Swedish Order of Innocence, established in the year 1765. *Inset above*—THE SERGEANT KING: The King of Denmark, who is wintering in the South of France, is honorary sergeant of a regiment of the Midi (not, as are most royalties, honorary colonel). His Majesty is seen above in mufti reviewing the members of the body of which he is an N.C.O.

TRAGEDY in the RHONDDA VALLEY: The Aftermath of 1926

The Dole, Cursed as a Drain on the Lifeblood of the Country, and an Incitement to Laziness, is Proved, in this District at Least, to be the Sole Barrier Between the Out-of-Work Miners and Starvation

By NEGLEY FARSON

"*The dole rots the fabric of the State.*"
"*Yes, and if there were no dole the fabric of the State would be ripped to bits.*"

This was a conversation I held with myself as I gazed out of my hotel bedroom at Pontypridd in South Wales. The sight that occasioned it was one of the most doleful I had ever seen in my life. It consisted chiefly of this: Men—obviously dressed in their Sunday best—standing with their hands in their pockets along the street kerb. Just standing. . . . I knew that if I asked some of them, they would tell me they were "waiting for something to pass by"—a chance to run an errand or do something to earn a few pence. Others, especially the men over thirty-five (and they are becoming bitter realists now), would answer they were waiting for the Old Age Pension to come along.

These were some of the 15,000 hale, hearty, and capable miners in the Rhondda Valley (a population of about 164,000 people) who will probably never go down a mine shaft again in their lives. A problematical chance of improved markets will be met by rationalisation; and it was the conclusion of practically everyone I talked with in that "valley of despair" that, unless there is found some way to drain them off, there will always remain about that number of permanent unemployed. Of course, hope springs eternal—even after eight years—but many of these men now have resigned themselves to this fate. They have gone soft now, after four, six, or eight years: they say the owners' agents do not want them any more, especially with so many younger, stronger men clamouring at the pits: and one man when I asked him what he looked forward to said: "I am just lingering. That's it—lingering."

There is one question, especially after you have been among them for a time, that you will never ask these miners in South Wales; and that is whether they would rather work or live on the dole. That peculiar dead-alive look in their faces as they stand in the streets is enough to save you from that. And if it doesn't a visit to a few of their houses will soon show you the hideousness of harbouring such a thought. Decent, anxious, eager people, keeping their brasses bright, the hearth scrubbed and blacked, a sausage and some potatoes on the table; a girl-wife or an old woman brushing back her hair as she helps you to the best chair; the man, usually grimy from trying to "pick" a bag of coal from the tip, sitting grimly. It is like a state of siege.

17s. for a man over twenty-one.
9s. for a widowed mother or wife.
2s. each for each child under fourteen.

Now try and make a gay life out of that. Try, with a knowledge of obstetrics and mathematics, to get the £3 or £4 a week that the uninitiated in South Kensington so glibly talk about. Try, by accumulating babies, to get a miner the £2 10s. (without deducting stoppages) that would be his minimum wage at work. I know that the minimum wage for an agricultural labourer in many parts of England is 32s. a week. But then the agricultural labourer does not pay on an average 9s. a week rent for his home, and he also has perquisites from the farm. The Welsh miner is the antithesis of the farmer; after three generations below the earth he has completely lost all rural sense—he distrusts the land—and the return he gets from labouring on the allotments that have been started in his bleak valley is more food for the mind—some useful work to stop him from going crazy—than provender for his family's stomach. The dole may indeed be good social insurance for the State against Red revolution (it is surprising how little you hear Communism talked to-day in Wales); it may even go a long way to fulfilling that law of old Queen Bess that in England "no man shall starve," but (aside from the slackers whose inherent opportunism would take advantage of any scheme) the dole cannot do much more for any decent man than to keep him "lingering" in the valley of despair.

Let me give you the picture of this valley as I saw it. I had been with the Welsh miners during the General Strike, stood with them in the pouring rain on the football field at Pontypridd while thousands of them sang "Land of Our Fathers" and their leaders implored them to "keep cool, keep your hands in your pockets—or else we are tricked into striking against the Government." At that time I formed the impression of decent miners and equally decent mineowners caught in the wreckage of a badly stricken industry, where even with the best of intentions on both sides no man could see the way out to better times. Four years later, as an American correspondent (interested because he thought the same thing might come to pass in his own land) I returned to Wales to see how these selfsame men—some of whom had never worked since that day—were living on the dole.

My first shock was at Cardiff, the Juvenile Employment Exchange. Something shocking in that, to see a building crowded with boys and girls from fourteen years up seeking for work. And here, this time under the Ministry of Education, I encountered the first of those officials whose sincere work to alleviate the lot of the unemployed was to impress me so much. Half of the burden of this searching for work, they told me, was borne by the Ministry of Labour, half by local rates. In 1930, 8,000 names passed through their hands, of whom they found employment for 3,250. This worked out at about 6s. 8d. per person. On the rates it meant an increase of one-sixth of a penny. Of those above sixteen, eligible for the dole, two-thirds of them never drew more than £1 16s. before they got into work. And in order to keep them "in the habit of work" every juvenile receiving the dole had to spend one-half of each week-day in the Junior Instruction Centre. Their dole was per week—

	Boy	Girl
16–17 - - - - -	6s.	5s.
17–18 - - - - -	9s.	7s. 6d.

But there, again, from outside sources, I ran up against one of the evils of the dole which was not the worker's fault. While it was easy enough to find work for a lad of fourteen, errand boy or something of that sort, when he reached sixteen and began to get bigger and demand better pay, he was often let slip to go on the dole while another, younger and cheaper boy was taken to fill his place. They start young in South Wales.

Pontypridd, the scene changes and takes on a grimmer aspect, Here, in a district of some 45,000, there were 5,400 miners on the register—forty women only. Over in Maerdy, which comes under this district and used to be known as "little Moscow," there had been 2,000 on the register—now there were only 600—1,400 names had gone somewhere else. There were 400 or 500 names in Maerdy which had not worked for four years. In Pontypridd itself over 600 families had left the district within the last two years. And here, in a barnlike building which had once been a skating rink, I found a mass of unemployed being examined for two courses of instructional training whose sole aim was to find a life for them somewhere outside that "valley of despair." Only men who were receiving the unemployment benefit were eligible for this work, and if a man were offered training in one of these courses, or a job afterward, he could not refuse it without running the risk of being refused the benefit thenceforward.

The better of these two courses was a six months' non-residential centre where men were sent off to various parts of Britain to be turned into "handymen" in motor trades, garage work, etc. Their "dole" was taken over to pay their expenses and they were allowed out of it about five shillings a week personal money. From this I was told about 80 per cent. of the men who finish the course are eventually placed in some kind of work. The other, for less likely specimens of manhood, was called the reconditioning course which had eight encampments in Britain where the men lived in army huts and were prepared to go on the various relief schemes such as building roads and bridges. This course lasted from eight to twelve weeks and a man selected by the panel for this work was practically bound to accept it unless he came under "hardship cases," such as having a widowed mother to support. This course was for single men only.

So much for that; anyone who has seen the machinery—and the men who are running it—cannot fail but be impressed by the almost heroic efforts which are being made to drain these Welsh valleys of their surplus of unemployed. So much for statistics, and what they are worth! Behind it all are these grim valleys and the state of mind of the people who are "lingering" there, the thousands of little homes where it is indeed a daily battle to make both ends meet. People so apathetic that they no longer talk socialism any more, and the word "nationalization" provokes nothing but a grim smile. A change indeed from the "hot-headed" Welshmen of 1926.

The main struggle among the relief workers in these valleys to-day is to save the Welshman's mind. Four years of standing around street kerbs with his hands in his pockets is enough to drive any man mad. Up at "Maesyrhaf" at Trealaw I saw some Quakers who, bless their souls, were doing such good work of this kind that their fame had reached me almost the minute I started on my quest. There they had started allotments out of the scraggly soil, and during last summer the miners had built an entire recreation house of their own.

"It breaks the monotony, mind you," an old miner said to me there. "Takes a man's mind off himself."

Let me give you his budget; he had been out of work for four years; with a wife and two children he was drawing 30s. a week. 8s. 6d. went for house rent—"and then there's thrippence we pay for each of us to bury us with"—funeral insurance. That leaves one pound a week to feed, clothe, and keep four people alive."

"My wife gets a joint on Sunday—that is, it's not a real joint—it's a pound of pieces—and that keeps us going for several days."

He had not bought a suit in four years; the Lord Mayor's Fund, fast dwindling, was looked to to supply his children's shoes. This man said he never expected to be able to find work again in his life; he couldn't leave the neighbourhood because there was no way he could live elsewhere and still support his wife. "I'm tied," he said. When a teacup broke in his house, he said, there was no money to replace it any more. And I learned that this man, with that dead look in his eyes, had taken to the habit of staying in bed in the mornings so as to eat one less meal. He was 47, and when he left the settlement that night he asked for a volume of Tagore.

In Tonypandy, once the hot-bed of Communism, I went around with an insurance agent while he made his calls. Tonypandy, with its main street full of the empty, white-washed windows of little shops that had failed. The first house we called on was that of a miner in work. Kettle bubbling on the hearth, canary singing in its cage; its front room bare of everything except a pot of artificial flowers kept in the window to "put up a good face."

"There's not a lazy bone in my man's body, mind you," said the house-wife, proud of her husband's eagerness to work. "Every morning he walks over the mountain—and every evening he walks back. He's a hero, that's what he is."

When I looked out of the window and saw the grim mountain that this man started to climb at 5.30 every morning—in order to save bus fare—I began to feel that she must be right. Three miles each way, shine or rain, and—"Last winter, when the ice was here, he had to go up the mountain on his hands and knees."

And behind, crouched among the cleanly ironed shirts that dangled across the kitchen, I saw perhaps the reason for such bitter determination: a young girl, pale as the sheets above her head—"Ah, something has happened to her. She went to the city to work, but something has happened. The doctor say 'tis her heart—she'll never be any good any more."

The girl heard this, and her only answer was to turn her head slightly and look down the valley along the long line of grey roof-tops in the rain.

In the next house was a strapping young man and his wife. He had not worked for two years. His face and hands were grimy because he had just been "picking a bag on the tip," carrying home a hundredweight of scrap coal. Their baby was spreading sausage and potato over most of its face. They lived entirely in the kitchen as they could only afford to keep that one room warm. The wife, in a grey sweater, pushed back some straggling hair from what had once been an extremely beautiful face.

"My children!" he muttered. "No, there's no future for them here—but how can I get them out of it?"

He had walked twice to Yorkshire, twice to London, in order to find work.

"But I had to come back because I haven't got enough money for the two of us to live in different places."

In another, where every utensil, every mat was spick and span, I found a cleanly-dressed young fellow and his girl-wife.

"Did you marry on the dole?"

"Aha—I did not! There's them that chances that, but they're foolish, I can tell you. It's the end if you do that. I was working ten months and thought I had a sure job. Then we married; now it's 26s. a week for the two of us. . . . I'm an honest God-fearing man. I want to work so much I could push a house down."

And he looked as if he could. House after house the same story; very little bitterness in it—just hopelessness—and a little bit of dumb wonderment that such things could be.

"They tell me that it isn't as if the world didn't have enough—but we're suffering from too much of everything these days. Well, mind you—we're not!"

Sometimes they said it was no use any more for a boy of eighteen trying to get work, because by the time he had learned his job he would be twenty-one and eligible for the full minimum wage. Boys of sixteen had a better chance. A man of thirty-five, out of work for some years, had no chance at all. That was the limit of resentment against the owners, except one black-hearted soul whose desperation had turned to poison. He stood on the mountain top in the grey rain and pointed to the sumptuous white house of the owner's agent.

"Living there by himself, a bachelor, mind you. Sometimes I feel as if I could pick up this"—pointing to a huge boulder—"and hurl it down at him."

But the sum total of what it means to live on the dole was given to me by two old cronies up at Merthyr. One was an old miner just out of a job because of the recent strike; the other was an unemployed steel worker. We sat in the ex-Servicemen's Club and watched one or two men who had a few pence play a much-watched game of billiards.

"There may be some as cheats and spoils it for the rest of us; and Evan here can show you people in his neighbourhood that's actually married on the dole—but there's bad apples in every barrel. As for us, sir, there's only one answer to it—work is a tonic."

"That's it," muttered Evan eagerly: "It breaks the monotony—work is a tonic."

PERSONALITIES

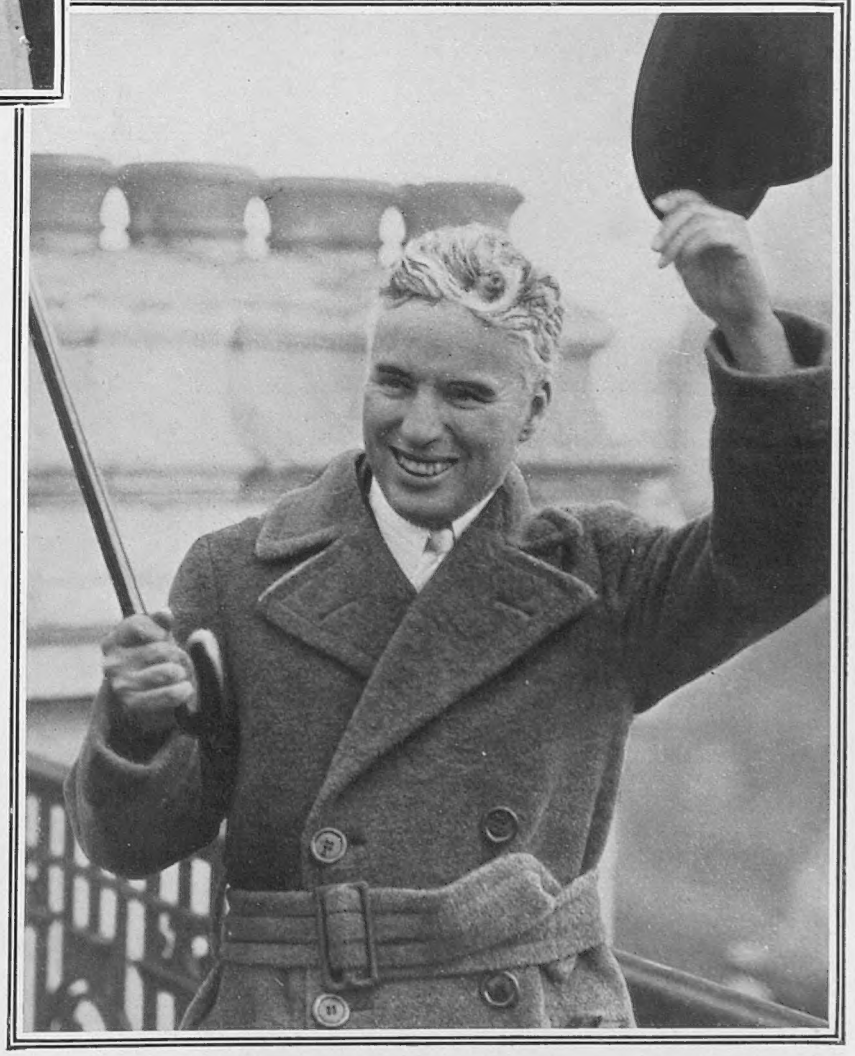
In the Public Eye Last Week

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, with the Hon. Victor Bruce, greeted at Croydon after her remarkable flight to Tokio, from the completion of which no perils anticipated nor encountered could deter her

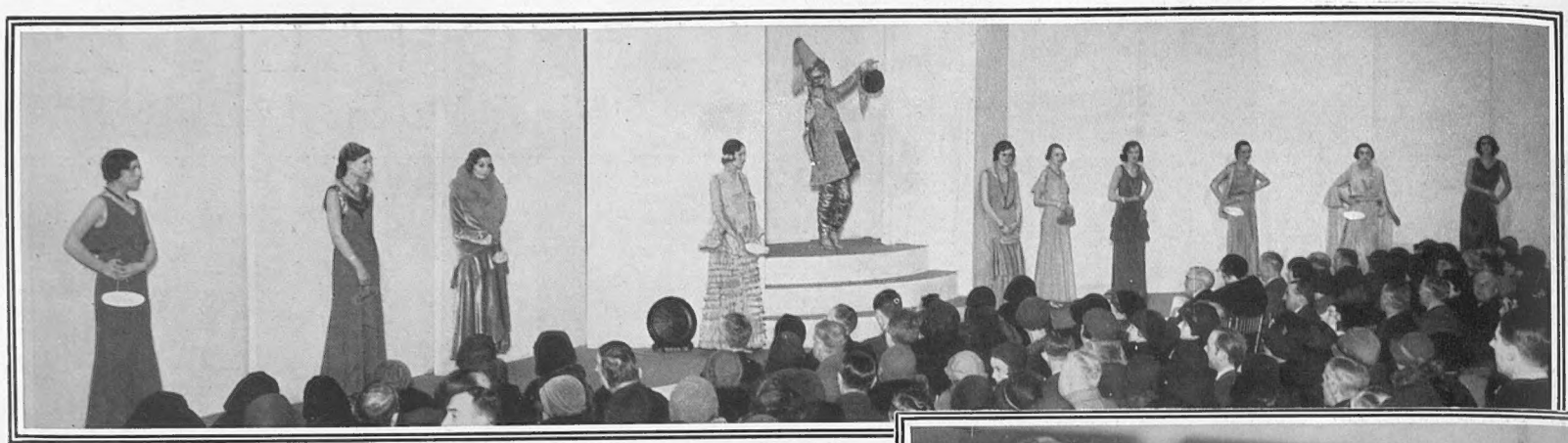
THE SECRETARY OF THE MINERS: Mr. A. J. Cook with his wife and daughter at the first meeting he attended after the amputation of his leg, a loss due to an injury he sustained as a young man in the pits. Mr. Cook has a considerable reputation as a red-hot Socialist of fanatic fervour and sincerity

Douglas

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE "BLUEBIRD": Miss Betty Carstairs (known to her friends as "Joe Carstairs"), who put up £10,000 for Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell's attempt on the speed record at Daytona, which proved such a triumph. It is only just now that Miss Carstairs' part in the record-breaking has become known



THE GREATEST COMEDIAN IN THE WORLD: Mr. Charles Chaplin, who witnessed for the first time a première of his own in his own country, waves a welcome to his "home town" from the roof of his hotel. Mr. Chaplin's reception has been more overwhelming than that awaraed to any visitor to Britain for many years. He was received at Chequers by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald last week-end



WITNESSED BY BERNARD SHAW: The mannequin parade at the Artificial Silk Exhibition at the Albert Hall. Mr. Shaw visited this function to ascertain whether artificial silk would prove suitable for theatrical costumes, and decided in the affirmative

"ON THE ROAD WITH A FOUR-IN-HAND": Miss Anastasia Noble, second daughter of Sir John Noble, Bt. and Lady Noble, is a welcome addition to the none too numerous band of drivers of the four-in-hand. She is here seen passing through the park last week

ON HONEYMOON: Mr. and Mrs. E. F. W. James at San Francisco en route to Hawaii, where they are spending their honeymoon. Mr. James is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. D. James, intimate friends of the late King Edward. The bride is the famous danseuse, Tilly Losch

SILK: Ten of the eleven new King's Counsel sworn in before the Lord Chancellor (Lord Sankey) in the House of Lords last week. The new Silks were: Mr. A. Inman, Mr. J. G. Trapnell, Mr. A. T. Bucknill, Mr. S. G. Turner, Sir Herbert Malkin, Mr. B. Dube, Mr. J. N. Daynes, Mr. G. K. Jenkins, Mr. H. W. Samuel, Mr. C. F. Entwistle, and Mr. W. G. Earengey

THE CAMERA CATCHES THE CLOUDS OF CONFETTI: A moment during the wedding of Mr. Brian Buchel, who is playing juvenile lead in The Chelsea Follies, *and Miss Barley Westmacott, the daughter of a sheep farming magnate in Australia, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride was given away by her father's old school friend, Lord Sackville*

TRULY RURAL: Mrs. Balding with her daughters, Miss Judy and Miss Diana Balding, with a group of dogs, at the Quorn Hedge-cutting Competition held at Wartnaby, near Melton

INDIA'S GREATEST PROBLEM

THE COMMUNE: What is it?

By ARTHUR R. SLATER

THE WOULD-BE LORD OF INDIA: A Brahman priest putting the sacred mark on his forehead. The priestly caste, if once in power, will plunge India back into the night of 3,000 years ago

It is very difficult for the Westerner to appreciate the communal question in India which has proved, in spite of efforts made for many years, the greatest stumbling-block to any settlement between the parties in India, of the very intricate political situation. Readers of the reports of the Round Table Conference, recently concluded, must have been impressed by the almost abnormal amount of time taken up by the committees in seeking a solution which does not appear to have been brought much nearer. If, in such an atmosphere as prevailed in the Conference, the parties concerned could not agree to some formula which would clear the air, it is difficult to see how in the more excited conditions that are to be found in India, where the work of the Conference is to be continued, these strongly opposed views will be reconciled. It is quite certain that no sound system of government can ever be established until the communal question is settled in a way that will give satisfaction to the parties concerned.

The relation of the Indian princes to any future form of government that may be set up in India was considered the most difficult of solution, and the Extremists and Moderates alike had fought shy of the question. To the amazement of even those most intimately connected with the political development of the country this problem was solved by the scheme of federation which met with the hearty approval of practically all the members of the Conference, and will doubtless be accepted by the Extremists, though they have not yet expressed their opinion. This leaves the communal question the most serious subject for discussion, and it may be that, as in the case of the problem above referred to, the wisdom and good sense of the Indian politicians will spring a surprise on us by putting forward some suggestion for the settlement of this question which will meet with general approval. All parties are alive to the fact that failure to deal with this matter will be fatal to the hopes of Indian Nationalists who have been fighting for a large measure of self-government.

What then is the communal question? It is, briefly, a matter of the just and rightful share of the minorities in the government of the country, which however is greatly complicated by religious convictions and prejudices. In India, religion is the great dividing factor, and most questions are decided on religious lines, not political or economic principles. The nearest approach to the situation in the West is the standing feud between Roman Catholics and Orangemen in Ireland, where the religious differences have been so pronounced that it was almost impossible to deal with any political problem save on religious lines. Hindus would never dream of giving their votes to a Muhammadan; a Muhammadan would feel he was bound to give his support to a fellow religionist as against a Hindu however much he might disagree with him on a political issue. This applies to the other minorities who are concerned in the problem, which has been created, not by any British influence, but by the social and religious life of the country for many centuries.

The complications of the situation are many, and it will be possible, in this article, to give only the broad lines of disagreement. Fortunately one of the factors has been removed in recent years, the division between the Brahmans and the non-Brahmans. From time immemorial the former, by virtue of their exceptional abilities and prestige as religious leaders, had held the controlling power in the Government and used it for the advancement of their own ends to the great dissatisfaction of the latter. So keenly did the non-Brahmans realize their inferiority that in the previous reforms they demanded and received special safeguards to ensure their just representation on the Councils. But their superiority in numbers enabled them, especially in the Madras Province, to more than hold their own, and they no longer feel the need for the protection they once felt necessary.

The main problem rests with the rights of the Muhammadans and the Sikhs as against the Hindus, who greatly outnumber them in most of the provinces of the country. Between the Hindus and the Muhammadans there has always been a very strained feeling, increased by the political movements of recent years, when the spoils of office and control of government have come within their reach. Education has been sadly neglected among the Muhammadans, and there is no doubt that the Hindus, both in numbers and education, could easily, if safeguards were not made, carry the day in any election. On the other hand, the Muslims have always been fighters, and if it came to a test of strength would soon become masters. The Hindus, while naturally anxious that they shall have a share in the government in proportion to their numbers and abilities, recognize that a dissatisfied Muhammadan minority would create a situation that would make ordered and peaceful government impossible and are therefore anxious to come to some satisfactory arrangement. In recent years the Muslims have made great advances in education but, while the present religious lines of cleavage exist, they know they could not return, on an ordinary democratic basis of voting, sufficient members to the Councils. The question of numbers is a vital one in democratic elections, and each party has been striving to increase its adherents by attracting to its fold the members of those classes that are not attached very closely to any faith. This has led to great bitterness, and the formation of societies by both Hindus and Muhammadans in the last decade for this purpose, has led to dissensions which have often resulted in bloodshed. The leaders have sought to make a contract by which the parties should have a definite representation, but all previous arrangements have been repudiated.

The Sikhs are a warlike race quite distinct from the Hindus and the Muhammadans, though much inferior in numbers. From this race have come the main supplies of the forces in the Indian Army. Till comparatively recent years they took little interest in political matters, but they have awakened to the need of taking effective steps to safeguard their position in any future government of the country. Perhaps nowhere in India have there been more political troubles than among these people who used to be willing to allow themselves to be governed by the British, from whom they knew they could expect justice. But they are not ready to accept anything of the form of democratic government in which their rights are endangered on account of their inferior numbers. They have pressed their claims to an extent that appears to go beyond their rights, but they are insistent and refuse to abate them. Judging from their attitude at the Round Table Conference, this section will provide one of the greatest difficulties to a settlement.

There is a large class, known as the Depressed classes, numbering about sixty millions, who, for the first time in their history, are claiming their rights as citizens. In most things that we commonly associate with citizenship, these classes, merely on account of birth, have been treated as outcasts, being denied even the simplest rights of man. There is no more striking development in India in the past twenty years than the gradual emergence of these people from a condition of utter degradation to one of insistence on their rights. No settlement can be accepted that refuses to safeguard them from the classes that have so long held them in bondage.

There is a steadily growing Christian community in India, but, unlike the other classes to which reference has been made, they state their readiness to take their chances in an open election, if—and only if—voting on a democratic and not religious basis is adopted.

Standing quite apart from the religious sections are the English population, including the Anglo-Indians, whose numbers are small, and whose situation is most peculiar. They have great interests at stake in the country, and it is difficult to see how they could have any representation in the Government unless special arrangements were made for them. So long as the British were the controlling power, they were ready to leave their interests to the Government. But the whole situation will be changed when practically all control passes into Indian hands. No British Government could accept any plan which did not provide protection for these.

Every avenue of approach was followed at the Round Table Conference. The idea of nomination for reserved seats to the minorities was unanimously deprecated; joint electorates were proposed, with the proviso that a proportion of seats should be reserved for the communities, but this met with little support. There is one serious objection to the only proposal that met with anything like approval, the arrangement for separate electorates. If most of the seats are assigned to communities, there will be no room for the growth of independent political opinion or of true political parties. The British Government has given its word that it will not impose upon the communities an electoral principle which would not have the assent of the parties concerned. The solution of this problem is the greatest task before Indian legislators, and it is they alone who can reach an agreement that will make future government possible.

Ewing Galloway

PRIMITIVE POWER: A woman in Ahmedabad rolls a crude wheel in her left hand and twists the warp with a reed stick in her right—an example of the Gandhi obscurantist ideal

Drawn by Norman Heppie

"In 1913–14 the cost of social services to the Exchequer was about £20,000,000: To-day, excluding war pensions, it is £193,000,000, more than nine times as much"

LIVING in MILLIONS (III)

"History will say that after the Great War England Talked in Millions, Lived in Millions, and Squandered in Millions,"

says

LANCELOT LAWTON

Anyone who regards the epoch impartially cannot but be struck with the immensity of its improvidence. History will say that after the Great War England talked in millions, lived in millions, and squandered in millions. If National and local expenditure are combined, then *the nation is spending at the rate of more than 3 million pounds daily.*

As a consequence of the figures set out in the table below Great Britain is the holder of a number of unpleasant distinctions. Taxation for each head of the population is higher in this than in any other country; the same is true of ratio of revenue from taxation to National income. No country spends anything like so much upon Social Services as does Great Britain.

Not merely is the Government addicted to squandering in millions, but the community thinks nothing of asking it to spend more and more millions. The Trade Unions are agitating for minimum pensions of twenty-five shillings weekly for everyone at the age of sixty. It has been computed that such an innovation would cost 285 million pounds a year; yet, when the Unions were told as much, they did not desist from their demand.

During the War public expenditure, which was largely covered by loans, took a gigantic leap. By the time peace was concluded spending in millions had become a vice which could not be got rid of. The problem was primarily psychological. Extravagance, condoned by the emergency of war, had destroyed realization of the value of money and of what money stood for.

It may be said that half the Budget expenditure is for the service of the National Debt, that is for meeting interest and Sinking Fund charges, also that of the other half a considerable proportion is devoted to social services, the assumption being that little margin remains for economy. Such an argument is not without base. But, generally speaking, it is characteristic of the times, and reflects the "living in millions" spirit. In nearly all those spheres of public expenditure where reductions are immediately possible large increases have taken place over a period of years.

Another view frequently urged is that increased expenditure is unavoidable, that much of it is incurred for human betterment, and that on the whole it reflects the social progress of the age. Those who speak in this manner fail to realize that if State expenditure goes beyond certain limits it has contrary consequences, and arrests, rather than assists, social progress. Everything shows that in fact such limits have now been surpassed. One serious indication of this is to be found in a statement of the Treasury issued at the end of last month. Speaking with particular reference to employment insurance, they said that vast Government loans for non-productive purposes impaired State credit, and constituted State borrowing to relieve current State obligations at the expense of the future, a proceeding which they characterized as the ordinary and well-recognized sign of an unbalanced Budget.

The fundamental cause of the depression of national credit is bad trade. But this bad trade is to a large extent the consequence of financial maladministration. To pay for its own extravagance the State is bound to impose heavy taxation the effect of which is to force up cost of production, with the result that the country is deprived of competitive power in the markets of the world. Were State expenditure reduced, trade, and with it credit, would quickly improve. Then could follow economy in a sphere where there is most room for it, that is in the service of the National Debt; for if interest rates came down existing obligations could be replaced by others bearing lower charges. A strangling sequence of deadly cause and effect is paralysing the nation. Because the State thinks and spends in millions, a large section of the community has come to look to it for assistance on every occasion of life.

In 1913–14 Budget expenditure was 197 million pounds; to-day it is 800 million pounds, more than four times as much. In 1913–14 the National Debt was 700 million pounds; to-day it is 7,000 million pounds, ten times as much. In 1913-14 the cost of Social Services to the Exchequer was about 20 million pounds; to-day excluding War pensions, it is 193 million pounds, more than nine times as much. In 1914 the aggregate expenditure of local authorities was 148 million pounds; for the year ending March 31, 1928, it was 402 million pounds, more than two-and-a-half times as much

When small beneficiaries are so numerous public opinion has little concern for great totals and for the exactions which these totals represent.

Thus indifference to extravagance becomes ingrained. The evil is tolerated because the Government has grown accustomed to it, and the many profit by it. Yet all the while foundations are rotting. British trade and British credit, as we have seen, suffer. Non-productive expenditure is destructive to capital resources, and most of the national expenditure is of this order. If by means of excessive taxation money is taken from those who employ it in industry, and consumed in the flames of Government extravagance, then the nation becomes progressively poorer. During the time when the proceeds of this grand expropriation are being scattered freely, it may perhaps appear otherwise. Such illusion is in itself the the worst symptom of the malady, and renders a cure all the more difficult. It prevents those who hold it from perceiving any sign of approaching ruin. They do not notice that the pool of capital is becoming shallower and shallower, that, as more and more is taken out of it for wasteful purposes, less and less is available for maintaining the industrial structure of the country. Nor do they realize that if those who have anything to tax are taxed out of existence, the community as a whole will be pauperized. As for British trade and British credit, neither is understood by them. One of the most urgent needs of the age is a campaign to teach the simple elements of economics to the masses.

It would hardly be fantastic to draw a parallel between England and Russia. In Russia the Socialist State and Socialist industry were maintained by the confiscatory taxation of private enterprise. In this way a very large section of the population was supported. But the inevitable result was the languishing of private enterprise and the disappearance of the wealth upon which the system depended. Yet Socialist enterprise did not flourish, the chief reason being that it was extravagantly managed. In the end the State had no other alternative than to revive serfdom as a means of maintaining its own existence and the miserable standard of production which had been achieved. England is not a Socialist country. But her system of taxation is of a confiscatory character, and her social services are on a much greater scale than those of Socialist Russia. Because her reserve of wealth was large she withstood the strain thus imposed. But each day the strain becomes more acute.

It must not be thought that there is one economic law for Socialist Russia, another for capitalist England. If capitalist England behaves socialistically, if she drains private wealth for State purposes, if she practices expropriation and spends the proceeds recklessly, if she maintains a large non-productive section at the expense of the productive section of the population, then her downfall is certain. Already extravagance has gone so far that it is almost impossible to introduce normal restraints.

Inability to reduce debt obligations because of credit impairment exemplifies the truth of this statement. In reality the nation is in the position of one who has got so deep into the mire that he is forced to keep on borrowing at excessive rates of interest in order to stave off disaster. Remedies more drastic than any yet contemplated are required. But before these remedies can even be proposed the whole psychology of the nation must be changed. We must cease to think in millions and hundreds of millions.

L. L.

CHRISTIANISED AMULETS

First Pictures of Charms worn by the Picturesque Baganda Women of the Uganda Protectorate

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN: Women of the Baganda, regarded as the finest Bantu tribe in Africa, retained, even when Christianised, their belief in their local fetishes. The missionaries, unable to eradicate this relic of barbarism, substituted images of Jesus Christ imprinted on calico *(seen on left)* for the traditional charm of cowrie shells and bewitched hairs and bones *(seen on right)*. Missionaries have been at work on this Ugandan tribe since 1879

PENITENCE: When worshipping in church Christian Baganda women transfer their amulets (pictures of Jesus Christ) from between their shoulder blades to their breasts

WHERE BLACK IS WHITE: A native member of the Order of White Fathers who may receive a (Roman) Bishopric and thinks Europeanisation should support Christianisation

THE PETROL AGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA: The "bus" leaves Kampala, the town of cathedrals. This conveyance takes Bagandas to the remote pastoral districts and deposits them at convenient points, whence they make their way to their several homes by bicyle. One woman is discernible above wearing a "Christian amulet" between her shoulders, against the perils of the road—although there is no traffic problem in Uganda

A CATHEDRAL OF CENTRAL AFRICA: One of the superb churches erected under the auspices of the Uganda mission. The funds with which these edifices are built are drawn almost exclusively from the sable Christianised natives, who, save in the one demand of monogamy, are singularly devout. Most Christian Bagandas keep half a dozen "wives" not only to till their fields but also on account of the great sterility prevalent among the females of the race

CHURCH PARADE: Baganda women, who have as a rule magnificent figures, wear by inclination, gaudy and polychromatic garb for festal occasions, they are required to attend service in the Cathedral of the White Fathers in uniform short-sleeved white dresses. Bare arms and silks and velvets are forbidden

DRIVING A ROAD OF PEACE THROUGH A COUNTRY THAT LIVED BY WAR: The drilling of an overhanging rock on the great road from Mosul to Tabriz which will render Persia commercially independent of Soviet Russia and open up new markets to Iraq

The new road which will eventually link Tabriz and Mosul is at present no more than a great adventure. But when completed it will be one of the most important, as well as the most profitable, highways in Central Asia. For Persia it will mean freedom from the Russian market, because direct communication with Iraq will enable her to import the machinery necessary for the agricultural development of her fertile Northern provinces from any European port she chooses, whereas at present she is obliged to purchase inferior implements at exorbitant prices from Soviet Russia.

The railways and the northern cities of Iraq will benefit because of the increase in goods and passenger traffic, and, if the road is properly kept up, at an estimated cost of half a *lakh* of rupees a year until the bitumen sealing is completed, after which a fifth of that sum will suffice—it should be the pilgrim route between the Holy cities of the Hedjaz and the whole of Western Persia.

To Iraq and to her energetic neighbour the strategic value of a road which opens the heart of Kurdestan must be incalculable, for both countries have suffered from the warlike propensities of the mountaineers who, fortified among their hitherto impregnable passes, seven thousand feet high, by winter snows and summer drought, have raided whichever side of the frontier offered best hope of plunder.

During the last six years, British influence and the presence of the redoubtable Assyrian levies on their frontier have done much to quell the turbulence of a race which regards raiding as the finest possible sport. Aziz Agha, headman of Busserini, through whose incredible gorge, hitherto unpenetrated except by an exiguous and very dangerous mule-track, the new road is already pushing its way, explained with naive amazement. "It is strange. Before the coming of the British I could never come down from the mountain without an armed force. The village was deserted and the fields untilled. Now, I see men working among their crops with no rifles on their backs and the sight is curious."

THE ROAD-MAKER: A typical employee on the road being created where but a track existed before, from Mosul to Tabriz

But the Kurd is still unconquered among his rocks. He pays unwilling tribute to the Iraq Government, which he regards as alien and inferior because, barring the stalwart Assyrian Christian, he is the finest fighter on the Asiatic border, and equally unwilling homage to the British who defeated him on his own ground. In theory, he would like an independent Kurdestan united as far as any tribal community can ever be, but there is no love lost between leaders of the various clans situated on Persian, Turkish, and Iraqi soil. A measure of civilization may come to them with the trade which will flow along the new road, but until their standard of living is raised by the opportunity to barter their agricultural produce, their hides, wool, and felts, for the European goods passing between Mosul and Azerbaijan, they will remain a threat to the peace of three countries. For the only merchandise in which at present they are interested is expanding bullets, and during the ten days I wandered south from Mount Ararat towards the road camps in South-West Persia and Northern Iraq, the only pegs on which I could hang my discarded clothes at night were the triggers of rifles slung on mud walls, or the centre poles of tents.

A SILE

"H.E. I" Air compressors drive the tubes fille an otherwise insurmountable ba

The Persian Colonel commanding at Urumeya had been kind enough to inform the sergeant in charge at Nagadieh of my imminent arrival. It happened that I was a fortnight late and it seems that time in modern Persia means considerably more than it did under the old regime, for a soldier stationed outside the village to watch the only track by which anyone could approach, greeted me with approximately these words: "Here have I been sitting on this mound for fourteen days and three hours. It pleases me that you did not delay any further, or the saddles would have worn into the backs of the horses which have so long awaited you!"

The influence of the new road begins at Nagadieh whence Kurdish transport now crosses the barrier range in three or four marches. Here I hired a couple of stalwart mountain ponies with a guide attired in vast goat's-hair garments, belted with twenty yards of sash, in which he stuck all the necessities of his existence, tobacco, a couple of murderous knives, an odd coil of rope, a very dirty handkerchief with some coins tied in one corner and a supply of local bread. The Persian Army provided me with an excellent riding-horse and a charming companion in the person of Sergeant-major Hussein Khan. Unfortunately we couldn't speak a word of each other's languages, but both he and the two troopers who accompanied him were exceedingly efficient in dealing with the minor difficulties of the situation.

We started forth at three p.m. with the optimistic intention of reaching the frontier post of Khané, about thirty-two miles away, that night, but we had reckoned without the baggage which strewed itself over the plain whenever the *charvadar* (muleteer) urged his animals out of a walk. Consequently, when we reached Galvan, a small Kurdish village set on a hummock in the plain, the sun was setting and we were glad to accept the headman's hospitality. His house consisted of one large mud room, the farther half raised some three feet as if it were a platform, and protected from the animals and chickens, which huddled among a miscellany of vivid quilts below, by an eighteen inch wall. This portion was carpeted and surrounded by rolls of well-stuffed bedding against which we leaned while we ate saucers of cherry-jam and drank equally sweet tea.

The walls were hung with rifles, embroidered saddle cloths, and the ribbed brown felt waistcoats worn by the Turko-Persian Kurds. After a lengthy conversation conducted chiefly by signs, a huge tray of sheep's cheese, *mast* (a junket made of curdled buffalo-milk), onions, cucumbers and the sheet-bread which is thin as newspaper, was brought in, and when the soldiers had withdrawn, it was followed by my host's wife. She was immensely ponderous, with neat black hair and a rolling gait. Her waves of flesh were immersed in yards and yards of spotted white cotton and once she had sunk on to the floor, she appeared incapable of movement.

Other women came in, strong-featured and sunburned. They wore red and black striped turbans set at a rakish angle, with a chin-strap fastened above each ear by a tasselled ornament. Their short velvet jackets, brilliant green or violet, were embroidered with gold and worn above a straight black robe, which in its turn were lost in unnumbered yards of striped cotton skirt, the whole being surmounted by a floppy red and white sheet, which had no visible fastening.

It was very late when I was led through the dim mud streets, splashed with moonlight and thick with dust. Gone was modern Persia and the Pahlevi

NT REVOLUTION (III)

The Penetration of Desert or Hitherto Impenetrable Lands by the Grey Ribbons of Fine Roads Forms Perhaps the Most Vital Revolution in the World

From MOSUL to TABRIZ

By ROSITA FORBES: *Who Has Recently Returned from the Journey She Here Describes*

hat. On the flat roofs, a few mightily turbaned figures were engaged in the last of the day's five prayers. Goats were spread round the houses like a thick, dark carpet. Boys, perched on the backs of dust-grey water-buffalo, sang odd little songs to encourage their unwieldy steeds.

My camp-bed had been erected in a hermetically sealed hut, in which it was obvious that the sergeant-major, who evidently regarded me as a beefeater with the keys of the Jewel Tower, was also determined to sleep. My Persian was sufficient to acquire "a large basin," i.e. the family baking tin in which to wash, but quite inadequate to dislodge the self-appointed Cerberus. As soon as he saw me laid upon the camp-bed and already involved in warfare with a home-made mosquito net, he stretched himself on a straw mat across the door, placed his sword under his head and his revolver at full-cock beside him. I hoped he would not have a nightmare.

It was not a peaceful night. By twelve o'clock the vocal duel between the village dogs and the jackals who defied them was at operatic pitch. A dust storm scattered bits of the mud and thatched roof over our unprotected persons. At frequent intervals the troopers held what they imagined to be whispered conversation with the sergeant-major. Between whiles they sang in minor thirds. At four a.m. someone shook me and said it was after six.

with gelignite into the rocks whose stubborn presence is to the great road driving from Mosul to Tabriz

RAW MATERIAL: Assyrian officers in embryo, who under British training (the whole levy is officered by the British), are turned into first-rate fighting material

However it was a cool morning, and after more unleavened bread, flavoured this time with a bowl of sour milk mixed with chopped herbs, we started off across a band of hills glued as if for ornament along the edges of a plain. Desert Persia, burned a reddish brown and scarred with salt of the Kavir, was banished once and for all. Here was grain for mile after scented mile, and the barley, wheat and millet were interspersed with masses of single hollyhocks. There were splashes of petunia, blue and yellow, painted across the downlands, which were velveted with short, fine turf like the horns of a stag.

All the travellers were armed and some of the women carried a rifle on their shoulders and a baby slung below it. Monstrous wagons mounted on solid wooden circles, creaked behind teams of buffaloes, with large and splendid young men, huge-girthed and fair-haired, lying across their rifles, asleep; but always one strode watchfully in front.

Kurdish villages appeared like mud terraces, the roof of one hovel forming a platform in front of the door of another, so that, seen from above, the hillsides, looked as if they had been prepared for sowing. Among the crops, men worked with their striped, balloon-like trousers tucked into felt leggings and the six or eight foot sleeves of their white cotton garments turned up as cuffs and then tied above the elbow.

This time we left the baggage to look after itself and ambled at an excruciating pace, neither walk nor canter, to Khané at the foot of the frontier range, up which Persia is rapidly pushing her end of the new road. Here the gradients are easy. There are no rocks to blast, no gorges to manipulate, no river to bridge, and the tents of her engineers are climbing steadily towards the watershed. By Christmas it is hoped to reach the frontier of Iraqi Kurdestan, and when this happens Persia will be able to congratulate herself on a success justly due to native enterprise and energy.

At Khané there is a small customs post like a clay band-box dropped in the middle of a plain. There is also a detachment of frontier guards under the Nayib Dedache Khan who kindly offered me his hut, seven feet by four, but I elected to pitch my bed among the ankle-deep grass beside a stream clear and ice cold from the mountains. From there I could watch an exceptionally interesting scene, for it happened that Haji Garani Agha, Amir of the Ashahiri tribe, had just returned from the pilgrimage to Mecca and more than five hundred horsemen had assembled to kiss his hand, or his garments, as he crossed the frontier.

A crop of tents grew up like mushrooms. The plain was alive with horses, whose tails, swishing a continual protest against hordes of insects, rustled like wind-driven grass. As for the warriors, they were splendid beyond description, and as the spines of a hedgehog so were the arms with which they bristled.

The great among them joined the Agha in a huge tent and their rifles were stacked outside. A row of large brass samovars provided relays of tea. Gaily coloured pots, probably from Moscow or Kharkoff, steamed on the top of metal funnels, and servants carrying glasses half filled with sugar passed in and out under the flaps. The Agha's son, a boy of twelve, wore his gigantic width of trousers stuffed into cavalry boots. His fringed turban was four times the size of his head and he told me with pride that there were forty yards of material in his intricately knotted sash. Among his companions, there were some overalls of lime-yellow cloth immensely wide in leg and blouse, surmounted by wasp-striped waistcoats, and turbans in which black and yellow predominated.

Other tribesmen wore emerald velvet jackets and such an amount of sash that when they rode at full gallop from one tent to another, or indulged in wild races, ending in a mounted wrestling match, a tug-of-war—which was only decided when one competitor lost his seat—or a powder display in which rifles were fired with careless abandon that ended in several being wounded, they looked like a couple of balloons surmounted by a life-belt, with a proportionately small torso emerging from just that amount of space between the chest and another gigantic balloon in the shape of a turban.

Darkness put an end to the racing, in which each vainglorious chieftain "matched" his horse and so many *thomans* against another that he coveted. If he won, the rival mount was handed over to him. If he lost, his steed as well as the money with which he had backed its prowess went to his antagonist.

I had hardly arranged my inadequate defences against the plague of mosquitoes, when the storm arose and with the suddenness habitual to Central Asia, blew me head over heels into a crop of corn. My bed went with me, and we bowled merrily into a group of Kurds who had lingered over a starlit meal of bread, chopped onions and sour goat's milk. They arrested my progress, picked my pillow out of a bowl of *dogh* and kindly offered me a share of their tent. With gratitude I accepted, and, as portions of my bedding had gone astray in the dust which belched out of the plain as if a funnel were on fire, I lay between quilts provided by my hosts and was devoured by every form of bug. Nevertheless, towards the dawn, I slept and was roused by what I imagined an earthquake. Actually, it was an unknown Kurd vigorously shaking my shoulders and repeating "Must I travel to Mosul alone? The mountains are dangerous, and you have soldiers with you. Wake them—it is not good to sleep so much—and we will ride together."

An hour later, we were climbing up the frontier slopes, watching the new road sketched above and below us. A horde of labourers, Persians and Assyrians, Turks, Kurds and Armenians, with a considerable number of Russian refugees, and a few odd Turkomans, Indians and Levantines worked on its ever-growing tentacle, the indication of a great ideal which must develop into an international highway bearing the commerce and the civilization of peace into a mountainland which has lived only by war.

"THE ROAD, DRIVEN THROUGH A GORGE RIVEN BY THE HAND OF TIME": One of the great difficulties in the creation of this notable road opening the Persian markets to Irak is the nature of the terrain. Such gorges as these render the creation of a fine trade-route a labour of Hercules

ROMAN TREES

The Work of the Newly-formed Milizia Nazionale Forestale in Italy

A STEEP DECLIVITY PLANTED ANEW: A hill in the Monte Forco district on which the Milizia Nazionale Forestale has been at work. The soil of the whole slope has been prepared and new trees planted on the hill-side by expert hands

THE FUTURE FORESTS OF ITALY: Actual planting of new woods in the Masone area near Genoa

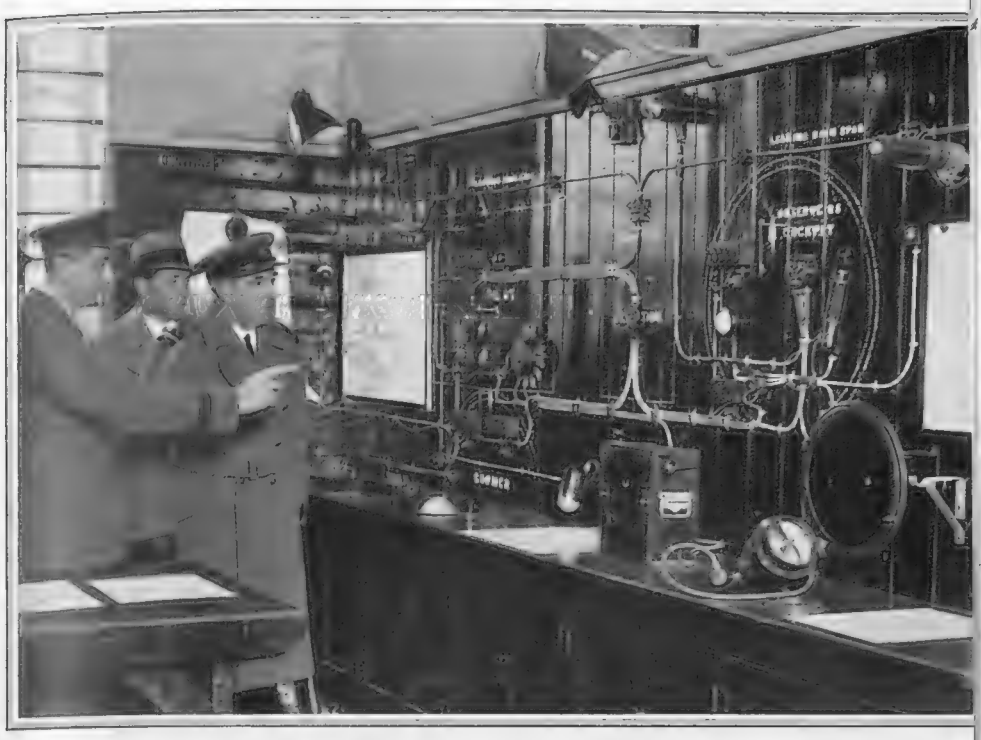
A LANDSLIP ARRESTED: A slope in the Cantuna Valley reinforced by walls. Chestnut trees were planted on the hill-side thus rendered fit for growing timber

DESTRUCTION A PRELUDE TO CONSTRUCTION: Stony ground is blasted by the Milizia Nazionale Forestale with high explosives lent by the War Office preparatory to the plantation of new trees. The explosives lent are condemned for war use

"Io amo gli alberi, difendeteli! Vi aiuterò a difenderli!" (I love the woods, defend them! I shall help you to defend them!) When Signor Mussolini said this in 1926, no one believed it to be possible that the Duce's Virgilian fascination for forestry would be the source of a new and successful scheme. As a matter of fact, in May, 1926, a law was passed, revised and completed by the law of December 1928, to protect and extend the forests of Italy. A little later the Milizia Nazionale Forestale was founded to execute and enforce this law, an addition to the already existing organizations of uniformed volunteers such as the Milizia Ferroviara, della strada, portuaria, postelegrafonica, etc. (railway, roads, harbour, post, etc.), all purely Fascist formations. The Milizia Nazionale Forestale to-day consists of 328 officers, all thoroughly trained and with a degree in forestry, and 3,317 *militi*. Their head-quarters are in the building of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry in Rome, with branch offices in almost every big city. Their Commander-in-Chief, Colonel A. Agostini, is a comparatively young man with a fine record during and after the War, a man of expert knowledge in all agricultural questions. There are about five times more aspirants to join this organization than the budget permits to be enrolled, and therefore keen competition ensures the selection of those not only with technical experience, but men of personal reliability and good fascist records. Compared with the large territory of woods in Italy, the number of these soldiers and officers is very small; it is therefore the more remarkable that they manage to carry out the work undertaken. The law of 1928 regulates all questions regarding the management of woods in Italy and precisely describes the manifold duties of the Milizia Nazionale Forestale. These are of an administrative, technical, and police nature. The Milizia Nazionale Forestale are the managers of all the woods on State property. The net profit of nearly ten millions of lire during the last year testifies how well this has been done. To describe all the technical duties of this group would be impossible; only a few are appended herewith. The management of all woods in Italy is controlled by them; they change woods into meadows and meadows into woods according to the availing geological, climatic, and other conditions; their supervision is not limited to the exercise of control when the owners of woods fail to follow the paragraphs of the law, but extend to the prevention of every wrong forestry system. Entirely new woods are being planted; bad, dry woods are cut out and replanted. In this way, whole mountains have been reforested in an astonishingly short time after the ground has been given the necessary preparation and treatment. With an expenditure of 180,000,000 of lire, nearly 60,000 hectares of new forests are to be created under the new scheme, with the use of 55,000,000 of small plants and 537,000 kilogrammes of seeds. In the last two years 30,740,000 lire were spent out of the budgeted sum, resulting in 9,495 hectares of actual new forests. The Milizia Nationale Forestale has also duties of a nature similar to those of the ordinary police. It exerts vigorous control over the forest, fishing and hunting rights and, in districts where few or no police exist, its members do the actual work of the police. With the help of the Milizia Forestale, records are kept of the quantity of wood at any time available, so that, in case of a war, not only the soldiers and war-manufacturers would be enabled to call upon the necessary wood supply, but those remaining at home would not suffer from lack of timber

MESSAGES *in the* ETHER

The Latest Developments in the World of Wireless



AN AEROPLANE ON THE WALL: One of the training devices at the Electrical and Wireless School, Cranwell, is seen above, the complete wiring of an aeroplane. It is being demonstrated to Air-Vice-Marshal, A. E. Borton at the Passing Out Inspection of Aircraft apprentices from the school

RADIO ON TAP: A master-receiver which supplies 500 homes in Leeds with wireless for 1s. 6d. a week, or for 2s. a week if a loudspeaker is used. A similar set has been installed in North London. Subscribers need only plug in to the lead-in

TALKING DAILY TO NEW ZEALAND: Mr. Harold Old of Mapperley, Notts, with his complete amateur station (2 VQ) with which he has spoken to almost every country in the world

A RADIO GUIDE FOR AERONAUTS: The radio direction-finder pictured at the base of the circular antenna is a new device invented by Gerhard Fisher and perfected by Herbert Hoover, Jr. By it a pilot can tune in on a wireless station and be guided thereto by the finder-indicator. Above—Mr. James, pilot, and Miss Griffin in a 'plane on test

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND: After two years' work the wireless direction-finding station, erected on Mizzen Head, West Cork, Ireland, is just completed. The workman at the masthead is 300 ft. above sea-level. It is the first station of its kind to be erected on that coast

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THRUST AND LUNGE: The fencing class gives an exhibition at the inauguration of the new Athletic Hall of the Berlin University, in the Karlstrasse—evidence of the fury of sports that obsesses young Germany, male and female, at this time

GERMANY'S MYSTERY PLANE.—England to Australia by air in twenty-four hours. London to Tokio in twenty hours, London to Cape Town in fifteen hours. Breakfast in Paris, luncheon in New York, taking the difference of time into consideration. Dinner in London one evening, and then dinner in Buenos Aires the next day.

That is the fantastic vision of air-transport of the future, if the theory, experiments and plans of Herr Asmus Hansen, German inventor and designer of the world's first "Stratosphere 'plane," should prove to have practical possibilities. His "air lanes" would be from ten to twelve miles above the surface of the earth and the oceans. On his direct route from London to Tokio for instance, his Stratosphere 'planes would fly more than five miles above the unscaled peak of Mount Everest.

Herr Hansen's ideas have so impressed the Notgemeinschaft Deutsche Wissenschaft (Emergency Society of German Science) that that body is financing the building of his 'plane. It is now nearing completion in the Aeronautical Research Department of the Junkers Aeroplane Works at Dessau. It is known as Germany's "mystery 'plane."

Shy, modest, reserved, Herr Hansen reluctantly told me something about his theories and experiments with his 'plane the other day in Berlin. Though little has been heard of him, he is one of the most experienced and expert altitude pilots in Europe, and has for some years been specializing in "high flying." As a member of the German Institute of Experimental Aeronautics, where all motors and aircraft in Germany are tested, he is a Government employee, and explained that he could not go into details about his Stratosphere craft, because it was being built more or less under Government supervision.

"Aviation is now twenty-five years old," said Herr Hansen. "Much progress has been made in the technical development of the aeroplane for air transport, but economically considered, it has commercially remained an infant, living chiefly on the mother-milk of state subvention. If air transport is ever to become a commercial factor in competition with the fast express trains and ocean greyhounds of to-day, it will have to be made independent of such subventions.

"It is my theory and belief that the solution of the economic problems of commercial aviation lies in the air-lanes eight to twelve miles above the earth—the Stratosphere—and in the tremendous speed and greater safety that can be attained in that stormless region.

"It is not yet sufficiently recognised that great flying-speed not only has the advantage of saving time, but increases the meteorological-navigational safety of aircraft. A fast machine is much more independent of head-winds than is a slow one. The Schneider Trophy race is not merely a sporting event, but is important to the science of aviation as a series of practical lessons in tremendous speed.

"Flying to-day takes place chiefly in what I might call the 'surf zone of the ether ocean,' the most turbulent region below the cloud basis. Aircraft is, in this air, exposed to all the changes and treachery of weather and storms. Rain clouds extend up to 19,500 feet, thunderstorms sometimes as high as 26,000 feet. In the middle geographical latitudes, the absolute upper edge of the 'weather zone' or 'Troposphere' ends between 33,000 and 39,000 feet. Climb above that and we enter the 'Stratosphere,' a quiet region without any clouds, weather, or storms, and free from everything that could disturb the flying of 'planes built for that region. True, it is cold—very cold. Between 70 degrees and 80 degrees Fahrenheit below Zero. At the North and South Poles it is 25 degrees to 50 degrees warmer in winter than in summer in the 'Stratosphere,' and at the Equator about the same number of degrees colder in summer than in winter, at those heights.

FLYING IN THE STRATOSPHERE.—"The 'lift' or carrying capacity of the thin air at that altitude is scarcely one-fourth of that on earth, but is offset by the speed of 500 miles an hour that can be attained there. The cabin of such a 'plane must be air-tight, and aside from oxygen for the breathing of pilot and passengers, must have the normal air-pressure that we are used to on the earth. The motor, too, must have a compressor and oxygen. Day, up there, is almost like night. The sun appears only as a big disc. The stars gleam brightly, and make navigation easy. Should the motor stop, we should have a radius of 300 miles in which to glide to a landing-place, or alongside some ship. Above 20,000 feet, 'altitude sickness' comes in place of 'air-sickness.' In singular contrast to air-sickness, an 'altitude sick' person feels peculiarly well, and does not register that unconciousness is slowly stealing over him. Air-tight cabins with normal air-pressure, temperature and oxygen, prevent all that. Such a 'Stratosphere 'plane' is an entire complex of problems. It is to solve these that, with the assistance of Professor Junkers and German scientists, we are building the first craft of this kind to test out my ideas."

Herr Hansen explained that the first craft would be more of a "flying laboratory" than anything else, for study and research in the Stratosphere. "It is designed to reach an altitude of seventeen kilometres (about 55,000 feet)," he added.

In appearance it is very much like the conventional low-wing Junker 'plane, with a double-walled, air-tight cabin of special materials, and about five inches of space between the two walls, floor and roof, and double windows. The glass is said to be the product of long research, till something was found that could stand 100 degrees Fahrenheit below zero on the outside, and normal temperature of 60 degrees above, inside, without cracking.

Herr Hansen himself will take the controls when, with one scientist, he makes the pioneer flights in June. These trials will at first probably be in secret. It is perhaps the most interesting and original experiment in aviation of the year. Herr Hansen frankly admitted to me that a Diesel motor and an exhaust turbine would be essential to the success of a fast passenger or mail Stratosphere 'plane which then, he believes, could develop a speed of 500 miles an hour and completely revolutionize long-distance air transport.

THE FUTURE LARDER OF THE WORLD.—"The tropics are the agricultural producing regions of the future," Dr. H. A. Tempany, Director for the F.M.S. and Straits Settlements, declares.

He points out that although agriculture dates back as an intensive practice in China for some four thousand years, and that the earliest traces of intensive agriculture are found in Mesopotamia and Egypt, scientific agriculture really only commenced in earnest less than a century ago, mainly as a result of the researches and experiments of Liebig in 1840, and Lawes and Gilbert in 1842. It has been during this period, too, that tropical countries have been rendered fit for white and northern colonists by the suppression of conditions responsible for malaria, sleeping-sickness, other plagues, and diseases of the regions. Not only have the human inhabitants been rescued from destruction by modern science, but also valuable crops, such as rubber, coffee, sugar-cane, for centuries victims of obscurely defined blights and pests, which did great damage because the means for their control were not known.

Dr. Tempany sees the tropics as the world's future granary and larder, abundantly supplying mankind with scientifically increased and preserved crops.

"But there is one danger," he warns, "And that is, by application of scientific methods uncontrolled by necessary safeguards in relation to consumption, development may be stimulated too rapidly and over-production with consequent distress ensue."

This condition, he emphasizes, is in fact widespread at present in most tropical countries. At any rate, one gathers the world is not doomed to starve to extinction.

HETERODOXY AND ORTHODOXY.—The latest Soviet victory over "superstitious prejudices" according to the Moscow Press, is the decision of the Moslem collective farm, "Aksel" in Kazakstan, to breed pigs. With the Jews the Moslems share, and have always observed, the strictest religious prohibition against pigs, condemned as unclean and defiling. It has remained for this Soviet Moslem community to break through the tradition of centuries by agreeing to breed and handle the outlawed swine. This step is said to have caused great excitement in the neighbouring Moslem villages encouraged to follow suit by the tempting knowledge that pig-raising is one of the most profitable side-lines of Russian farms. Profit on the 12,000,000 odd pig-population of Russia has so far been forbidden fruit to the Jews and Moslems.

While pig-breeding is still a revolutionary innovation against the Moslems, the Jewish Communist Press and leaders have for some time been urging the Jewish agricultural colonies to breed pigs, not only as food, but to confirm and proclaim their participation in the campaign against "superstitious prejudices."

SEX-RATIOS OF THE WORLD.—Women outnumber men in Europe by 18,000,000. Polygamy at the rate of three wives to every man will be possible in 150 years hence if this unequal distribution of the sexes continues in proportion. There are more than 2,000,000 women in excess of men both in England and in France. Three million "superfluous" women in Germany and 4,000,000 in Russia. Even Portugal of little over 6,000,000 population has 500,000.

During the ten years preceding 1920, the number of women in Russia for instance, increased from 1,038 per thousand men to 1,224 per thousand. In France from 1,035 to 1,103. In Germany, 1,026 to 1,091. In England, 1,067 to 1,091. It is certain that the latest Census reports will reveal proportionately greater increases, for since the world war, what has been designated as a "freak of racial reproduction" is responsible for this rapidly changing sex-ratio. Countries which remained neutral during the world war are not subject to this phenomenon. On the contrary in some cases. In Denmark, as an example, the excess of women over men *decreased* from 1,060 to 1,053 per thousand in the ten years, 1910–20. Norway and Sweden show decreases respectively of 1,099 to 1,053 and 1,046 to 1,037. Holland from 1,020 to 1,012.

In most countries outside Europe, including the United States, men still outnumber the women. In India there are but 928 women to one thousand men. In Canada, 940; the United States, 960; and Japan, 979. Figures for China are not available, but it is certain that the same situation obtains.

AN AIR SERVICE ON A NEW ROUTE: The arrival of the air mail on the first flight over the route between Marseilles and Saigon, Indo-China, newly established by France

AN AFRICAN GAME PRESERVE

A special four-page monograph illustrating the wonderful plenitude of wild life in Kruger Park, Transvaal

SNOUT and STRIPES

The dimensions of the great game enclosure known as Great Kruger Park is some 200 miles by 60 miles. It is set in the North Eastern corner of the Transvaal, reaching from the Crocodile River in the South to the Rhodesia border and the Limpopo in the North. Within its huge area, game of all kinds and varieties may—and does—roam in a state of nature. Wildebeeste, elephant, many varieties of antelope and deer, zebra, giraffe, and the majestic king of beasts (who, incidentally, is vastly increasing his numbers) have in this reserve a territory where they have only the enmity of their fellow beasts to sustain; no white man with the latest implements from St. James's Street; no native with assegai or poisoned arrow, menaces their serenity. Although regarded, in its inception, in 1926, as an expensive luxury calculated to appeal only to zoologists and other scientists, Great Kruger Park has proved one of the greatest inducements to tourists to visit that part of the country, bringing with them the trade and prosperity that inevitably follow in their wake. Above is seen a delightful study in the manner of "Dignity and Impudence"—a zebra and a wart-hog, each proud of his own form, gazing at one another in contemptuous wonder.

UGLY AND TERRIFYING IN APPEARANCE THE WILDEBEESTE DRINKS: A herd of wildebeestes, watched with sidelon a zebra, at one of the drinking pools in Kruger National Park, the famous game reserve in the North-Eastern Transvaal. It is 200 miles long b wide! Over 600 lions alone, apart from many thousand head of other big game, roam through the park unmolested by man

A MIXED BAG NO ONE MAY BAG: A waterbuck bull, two zebras, and a number of wildebeestes gather at one of the tree-shaded dr in Kruger National Park, described on the preceding page

IN NATURE'S PLAYGROUND

Special Pictures from Great Kruger Park, the Famous Game Reserve Set between the Crocodile and Limpopo Rivers, Eastern Transvaal

DUMB SENTINELS OF THE FOREST: A group of giraffes in Kruger National Park. These beasts, among the most timid of the denizens of the wild, have the most acute hearing but have no vocal chords whatsoever

idelong gaze by
ong by 60 miles
an

drinking pools

FIVE WETS—AND A DRY! A group of zebras, considered by some judges to be the most attractive of the equine family, enjoy a long, long pull at a drinking pool

Antelope *in* NATURE'S PLAYGROUND

ON THE QUI VIVE: A sable bull antelope scents the approach of man in Great Kruger Park. Note the long cylindrical horns

WATERBUCK BULL: This animal is a species of antelope indigenous to East and South Africa. It stands some 4 ft. in height at the shoulder. It lives in small herds in swampy places

SASSABY: A group of large, dark-red, South African antelope with a blackish back and face. The horns are sigmoidically curved. Sassaby is known also as the bastard hartebeest

Inset above—*A KOODOO BULL DRINKING: This is a member of the genus strepsiceros, having eight or ten vertical stripes descending from a stripe down the backbone and the horns of the males twisted into an open spiral. The greater koodoo (sometimes spelled kudu) ranges from South Africa to Abyssinia and has a fringe of long hair down the front of the neck; the lesser koodoo inhabits Somaliland. The water koodoo is known as the nakong*

THE FLEETEST OF THE ANTELOPES: Impala drinking at the shallow pools in the sandy bed of one of the streams flowing through Great Kruger Park, completely unconscious that their movements are being watched from camera range. Sometimes called the pala, this species stands some 3 ft. in height and has somewhat spiral lyrate horns. From its red colour, impala is known by the Boers as a roy bok

THE CULT *of the* BARE

And Other Phenomena of the New Germany

By CECIL ROBERTS

Walking one day down Unter den Linden, when Berlin was just beginning to celebrate the return of summer, I was suddenly astonished by a sight that seemed to occasion no interest in the eyes of the Berliners. I had heard much about the "Youth Movement." Throughout Italy, in the Piazza at Venice, on the rocks of Capri, even as far south as Calabria, I had come across young Germany, strong, sun-browned youngsters, heavily booted, their clothing reduced to the minimum of shorts and shirts, tramping lustily, rucksacks on their backs, and guitars slung over their shoulders. How they lived was a mystery. They sang, they marched, they slept in the open, a brotherhood of happy, bronzed youngsters who brought to mind the old days of the troubadours. One met them coming over the Alps, via Andermatt and the Brenner Pass. Their faces were always set south, for they were then leaving a Germany that was filled with want and unrest. But these *Wandervögel* were a portent. They represented the return of Germany to a free life, to the worship of Nature and of the sound body.

Later, they became something of a problem to their own country and the countries they visited. A few *Wandervögel* were picturesque enough, with their tawny bodies, their blonde locks, their songs, and guitars, their happy way of begging, but a horde of them, growing month by month, began to cover the land like a plague of locusts. Something had to be done. In that hour the *Jugendbewegung* was born. The Youth Movement had come to stay and to be organized.

The sight that met me on this summer's morn in Unter den Linden was that of two hefty youths, with naked torsos, their backs loaded with enormous rucksacks, accompanied by two girls, bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-necked, with cropped hair, and hobnailed boots on their stockingless feet, marching gaily along Berlin's most fashionable thoroughfare. In England there would have been a dozen societies whose agents would have made a protest against such disregard of the conventions, but here in Berlin no one took the slightest notice. In the next few hours I was destined to see nearly fifty thousand people in an even more scanty condition, bathing and taking their sunbaths. The Cult of the Bare has spread from one end of Germany to the other. It has been carried to a degree that would be permitted nowhere else. It can scarcely go further, since the last vestige of clothing has now been discarded, and whole families resort to the stockaded enclosures of the *Nakt-kultur* clubs.

This movement alone indicates an entirely new Germany. How new, how surprising and often admirable we English have very little knowledge. For this reason Miss Cicely Hamilton's account of her stay in the Fatherland, *Modern Germanies* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), will make enlightening reading. During a hot spell of weather in Berlin she noticed that the German is permitted to remove his coat in a public restaurant, that there is no horror of the shirt such as would have entailed an immediate expulsion of the offending customer from any British restaurant. Germany has not only cast away its uniforms, it has cast away all superfluous clothing.

"You may pass a football ground where again there will be bare brown torsos; a goodly number of the players will be arrayed in nothing but shorts. And this practice of walking and playing in scant bathing garments and of working stripped to the waist is symptomatic of more than a desire to be cool and comfortable; it is symptomatic of a tendency, an urge to get rid of the unnecessary which prevails throughout the life of modern Germany."

The movement for the simplification of life has spread in every direction. They are stripping the ornate façades from the old German houses. To-day everything must be plain, even stark. German furniture has been reduced to the fewest curves, the least upholstery. Poverty may have dictated this simplicity originally, but a new art, a new architecture have arisen in Germany. Away with the fustian, the dust-collecting articles, the dark corners! The young German maiden plays tennis in nothing but a pair of shorts out in the woods, the young German *hausfrau* insists on a similar nudity in the household furniture. If the room is bare to a point of discomfort, this is all in keeping with the new faith of the open-air life. Houses are to sleep and eat in. Young Germany for the rest of the time is out in the fields and the woods.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is an ideal reporter upon the new Germanies. She is a feminist, and inclined, therefore, to watch for any change in the position and habits of the women of Germany. It is here that we witness the most surprising revolution. She has much to say about the astonishing phenomenon of the new athleticism that has swept over the land—the *Sportmädel*. The German woman has not only been given the vote, she has been given the right to compete with her brothers in the athletic field. There is more emphasis now placed on her physical training than on her house training. As the mother of the future it is all-important that she should have a sturdy body. Hence the rise of the *Sportmädel*, the young woman who is photographed and chronicled in the Press with such pride whenever she wins a contest. Once upon a time school gymnastics meant an hour a week, and full clothing. To-day anæmia is no longer a fashionable complaint. Corsets are unknown, and there emerges that strapping young woman, the *Sportmädel*, who will run or swim a mile, box, fence, and row, or, putting on the rucksack, will tramp all day as long and as far as any of the sturdy lads she takes for her companions.

As might be expected this new liberty has found some critics. There is a reaction in certain circles, and strong anti-feminist tendencies have emerged. The National Socialists are anything but feminist, and Adolf Hitler has firmly declared that his is a men's party. But the German woman is not likely to give up her hard-won liberties. The old Germany is dead. The anæmic domesticity has for ever gone, the cult of health is stronger than the cult of anti-feminism.

Miss Hamilton wisely gathers her information on foot. She is a great walker. She went out on to the highways, and penetrated into the remote villages to discover the most pleasing aspects of German life. The love of singing is still strong among the peasant class. The young men of Germany still break into song over their beer glasses, and sing in unison. Miss Hamilton has nothing but admiration for the orderliness, the good temper, and sobriety of the German holiday-maker.

I understand there is at least a movement afoot in England to provide our own *Wandervögel*, increasing year by year in their numbers, with hostels in the countryside. The Boy Scout has solved the problem of going back to Nature cheaply by carrying his own camp with him. But the week-end walker cannot do this even if he would go to the trouble. Moreover, it demands collective enterprise. For this reason it is high time something was done for the impecunious lover of the open air, who cannot resort to the motor-car. Germany has now a chain of hostels. It has been estimated that forty per cent. of the population of Germany, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, belong to some form of Young Peoples' Association. As a result of this there has arisen the *Jugendherberge*, the hostel for youth. In these houses, many of them old country mansions that have been deserted by their impoverished owners, the young wanderer can find a night's accommodation at the smallest figure. Some of these hostels have twenty beds, some more than a hundred. The State and numerous societies have contributed to the foundation of these places. The charge for a bed is about twopence halfpenny for the night. If you are over twenty-five you pay sixpence. A linen sleeping bag can be hired for twopence, and the housekeeper will provide simple meals, though there are facilities for cooking your own. The dormitories are airy, with beds in tiers on the ship's cabin plan, and there are shower baths. The old *Wandervögel* scorn these refinements. There is no romance about a holiday spent in hotels, and what are these but cheap hotels? But the faith of the vagrant soon began to falter, and there is now little opposition.

Miss Hamilton with her keen observation has found the weak spot of this movement. It is split into a dozen segments by the intense political fervour of German youth. One *Jugendherberge* was almost wrecked a few hours after its official opening by a political feud that broke out among the juveniles. Miss Hamilton is so very careful to hide her own beliefs that it is difficult to detect where her sympathies lie in this perpetual warfare of political creeds. But she seems to have, willy nilly, a secret and enforced admiration for the Nazis, who, she asserts, suffer from a bad Press, which is Jew controlled, and therefore very opposed to the National Socialists. "I hasten to add that so far as I have seen them, they are not an unfavourable example. Their doctrines may be dangerous and their methods provocative, but the lads themselves, so far as I have seen them, are of clean upstanding type.

Where I have been able to test Miss Hamilton's survey by my own experience of the new Germany, she has missed nothing that is significant in the development of a new nation that is rising from the wreckage of the old. The German child, education, modern architecture, the German army, theatrical enterprise, Jew-baiting, the effect of the Treaty of Versailles and the War Guilt Clause, which Germany will not allow to stand even though the other nations forget all about it; all these things are passed in review by a mind alert to the human as well as the political factor. And her conclusion is mine also: admiration of the spirit, the tenacity, the steadiness with which the German people are winning their way back to a front rank among nations. Lastly, let it be added to their credit, almost alone among the nations of Europe, Germany offers to the visiting English a cordiality in striking contrast to the attitude of those who, in these last years, have received so many favours at our hands. Miss Hamilton has presented an absorbing study of the German people. It is critical while sympathetic, and she has brought her wide understanding to all phases of German national life.

The international fund raised for the creation of a memorial to Rupert Brooke on the Island of Skyros, where he lies buried, has made much headway. On Easter Day there will be a pilgrimage made to the grave by the representative writers of all nations. Skyros is the legendary island of the Ægean Sea, known to Theseus and trodden by Achilles. Here, in the middle of the night by the light of lanterns, England's poet was borne to his grave on the shoulders of French and English sailors in April, 1915. The grave lies under the olive trees of a promontory dominating the sea; surely a spot dear to the heart of one whose last words were: "I have seen the holy land of Attica and now may die." The memorial takes the form of a statue in bronze, the work of an Athenian sculptor. On the pedestal of white Pentelicon marble is engraved the profile of the poet.

In his novel, *An Angel in the Room* (Mundanus, 3s.), Mr. Gerard Hopkins appears to have borrowed an idea from a slow-motion film. The whole story is spread out over the length of a meal, and the chapter headings carry the names of the dishes. It is an ingenious idea but I do not feel that the author has found sufficient interest to justify the minute progress he makes to that final moment when the host of the day is heard singing in his bath. The beginning warns one of the tempo of the piece. It takes Mr. Philip Lothbury three pages to get from the foot of the drawing-room stairs to the top, and nine pages before he is greeted by his hostess. This is the pace of the narrative. The members of the party scrutinise their own thoughts and impressions with a Proustian tediousness of psychological detail. Given the time and mood to pursue this slow-motion novel through its seven courses, upstairs and downstairs, one is rewarded by a delicate study of the intrigue, passion, gossip, and coquetry that are gathered around the dinner-table of any half-dozen sophisticated persons. "Funny sort of evening," says the host at the end, which exactly sums up the feeling left by Mr. Hopkins's ingenious entertainment.

With *A Richer Dust* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) Miss Storm Jameson completes the trilogy of which we have already had two volumes, *The Lovely Ship* and *The Voyage Home*. She now concerns herself with the more particular history of Mary Hansyke, whose life comes to a close, and the adventure in matrimony of her grandson, Nicholas Roxby. It is the modern generation, with young Oxford, which Miss Jameson now presents, and the final glimpse of the strong-handed old grandmother is magnificently done. The leisured beauty of the writing one expects from Miss Jameson is again notable.

Recommended List:

The Science of Life, *by H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, E. P. Wells* **(Cassell. 21s. net).**—Deals with the whole history of human life on land, in sea, and air. It is a book that cannot be read, but it can be "tasted," since it applies words of wisdom and information to all aspects of life. The volume is excellently illustrated, and altogether an astonishing achievement of science and industry.

The Life of the Empress Eugénie, *by Robert Sencourt* **(Benn).**—This is the first full-dress biography since the death of the Empress, and the author has had access to the archives of the Duke of Alba, and certain letters of Queen Victoria. It tells a tragic story of a queen whose life was like a fairy tale without a happy ending.

Brittany (Medici Society. 7s. 6d. net).—An addition to the famous Picture Guides Series, with text by Francis Gourvil, notable alike for information and illustrations.

Confessions of J. J. Rousseau (Everyman, 2 vols. Dent. 2s. net).—A new addition to the Everyman Library.

The Odyssey of an Out-of-Work, *by Terence Horsley* **(Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net).**—A true record, taken down by the author, of a skilled workman's search for employment. This Odyssey of poverty answers the queries that arise when motoring along our great roads. Where do they sleep, eat, and how do these wanderers exist? It is a poignant story.

Jane's Legacy, *by Eden Phillpotts* **(Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net).**—The text of the rustic play now running at the Duchess Theatre.

FAIR LADIES *of the* EIGH

At Sir Philip Sassoon's Park Lane House:

(Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart.)

The hair in this instance is drawn tightly back from the forehead and concealed by a little cap and jewelled band. The sitter was Lady North, and the painter, Sir Joshua, painting much in the outward manner of Allan Ramsay and his green and gold ladies with embroidered stomachers

(Lent by Mr. J. F. Byers, U.S.A.)

A great proportion of Raeburn's ladies wore their hair in curly masses. In this case the sitter is Miss Campbell. Here the hair is very puffed out and is adorned by the threading of a pale blue riband. All pictures are copyright of the owners

(Lent by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, U.S.A.)

A charming head of black curly hair, cut quite short, characterizes the sitter—Lady Maria Coningham by Lawrence

(Lent by the Earl Spencer)

Short curly hair is concealed by a bonne which encloses the face in this painting of Viscountess Lavinia Althorp, by Reynolds

(From America—Lent by Mr. C. F. Fisher, U.S.A.)

Another attractive mass of dark hair worn in the short curly fashion of the late Eighteenth Century. It suited Miss Grant of Kilgraston, who sits here so placidly in her open throated gown. The picture exhibits all the mastery of the mature Raeburn

The notable exhibition, portraits from which are reproduced above, opened at 25, Park Lane, on February 23, and will close on March 30. The exhibition is open from 11 a.m. until 7 p.m. every day, Sundays included. This is the fourth of a series of exhibitions held under the same auspices in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, by Sir Philip Sassoon.

TEENTH CENTURY

The Charming Fashion of the Coiffure of the Age of Reason is Shown in this Series of Special Portraits Hung in the Four Georges Exhibition

(Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon and the Duke of Devonshire)

Long curls reaching down to the nape of the neck were worn by Lady Francis Peacock in this portrait by Hoppner. *On right:* A little hat worn coquettishly on one side over-drawn back from the face, marks this portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, by Reynolds

(Lent by Mr. Oscar Ashcroft)

Mrs. Williams lived in a period when short curly hair was worn. It is here largely concealed by a pretty cap, which combines with the fichu to make a picture ready for transference to Hoppner's canvas

A STRANGE PHENOMENON OF PHYSIOGNOMY

The change in feminine features as each fashion period moves across the stage of History

In the exhibition of "Art during the Reigns of the Four Georges" which is now open in the house of Sir Philip Sassoon there are pictures of beautiful women which illustrate the craft and also the infinite variety of hair-dressing during the years 1714–1830. We see here how curiously the types of faces seem to have altered with the changing fashions, and how even the features of beautiful women seem in some queer inexplicable way to have adjusted themselves to a different style of hair-dressing.

In the portrait of Lady North, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and painted about 1765–70, we see the hair brushed straight back from the forehead, lightly powdered, kept quite flat to the head and almost completely hidden under a small lace cap which is tied with ribbons under the chin. The face is spirituelle, whimsical, the eyes, although they smile, are a little wistful, the whole effect is one of loveliness delicately conveyed, a charm that is subtle, light as gossamer, ephemeral as thistledown.

Another picture by Reynolds, of Lady Catherine Price, painted about 1787 shows a rather more obvious type of beauty; here the hair is heavily frizzed out round the face and elaborately powdered and curled; the whole face is a little heavier, the features more pronounced, bigger, as if moulded in a heavier form to counterbalance the width of the hair-dressing.

The portrait of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, painted again by Reynolds, comes about midway between these two pictures. Here already the hair is fuller than in the first portrait, the frilled tulle hood, trimmed with ruches of lace, covers it lightly and is tied under the chin with pink ribbons. Some of the elusive charm that distinguishes the picture of Lady North is to be seen here in the smiling eyes with their subtle suggestion of sadness, while the whimsical laughter on the softly parted lips seems to mock at some delicious, secret jest. But there is already more colour about the face, the slightly fuller hair-dressing takes away some of the delicate spirituality of the first portrait, while at the same time perhaps making the face more youthful and amusing.

(Lent by Lady Ludlow)

The hair was pushed right back from the forehead in a Louis XVI manner when Reynolds painted this portrait of Lady Caroline Price

The type of Lady Caroline Price is also evident in Hoppner's portraits with a subtle difference. The eyes are calm and gentle, the lips fuller, the faces more pink and white. In one portrait by Hoppner the dark hair curls over the neck and is covered by a white muslin cap, while another picture (Miss Beresford) shows the hair very lightly powdered, not quite so full and covered with a white cap tied with blue ribbons. A picture of Miss Campbell by Raeburn dates from about the same period, though here the hair is uncovered, very puffed out, and threaded by a pale blue ribbon.

The picture of Lady Elisabeth Belgrave, painted about 1818, shows the hair cut short and allowed to lie in soft curls on the forehead, it shows too the short upper lip, the softly rounded face, and the sloping shoulders which seem so distinctive of this period, while another portrait by Raeburn of Mrs. Fraser demonstrates this same type of beauty. There is no trace here of the frail delicate beauty of the earlier portraits, nor of the dreamy sweetness and simplicity of the Hoppners; it seems as if the short curled hair has imparted some spirit of defiance and independence to feminine beauty, for the face is more vivid, more alive, a little harder, fearless, almost perhaps a trifle arrogant.

It is difficult, looking at the portraits of this period to believe that this vivid type would ever give way to the placid meek browed gentleness of the Victorian beauties with their smoothly pomaded hair and glossy ringlets, but certainly one is struck anew by the importance of hair-dressing.—M. B.

(Lent by Mrs. Benjamin Jones, U.S.A.)

Here is another of Hoppner's attractive curly-headed ladies. Miss Beresford is the sitter in this case

JOAN THE MAID

A portrait of the Saviour and Virgin Martyr of French Nationalism gleaned from material hitherto uncollated, with illustrations drawn from the latest film now running at the Regal Theatre, based on the life of La Pucelle

BY JEAN-JACQUES BROUSSON

A SAINT ENGAOLED: Joan of Arc, shackled in her prison, after she had saved France from the English and crowned the spineless Charles VII at Rheims. The inspired performance given by Mlle Simone Genevois may combine with the new Chaplin film to give a new impetus to silent, though synchronised, pictures

Ask any Frenchman, "What do you think the most glorious of French-women was like? Strong? feeble? tall? small? fair? dark?" He will remain tongue-tied, or if he attempts a reply, it will be without proof—he *knows* no more than you do. Does there exist an authentic portrait of the liberator of Orléans? An enraptured multitude has followed her on the coronation procession. Painters, miniaturists, applied her portrait on panels and on vellum. When Jeanne was a prisoner in Rouen, her image was hung in the churches by the good French folk, like that of the Virgin or of the martyrs. It was adorned with flowers and candles, and prayers were said before it for the deliverance of her who had saved France. At the trial Bishop Cauchon made a complaint about these pictures.

He asked her cunningly, "Have you seen, or caused to be made, pictures of yourself, or in your likeness."

La Pucelle replied candidly, "I saw at Arras a painting in the hand of a Scotchman, which had a resemblance of me. I was represented in armour, presenting a letter to my King, kneeling on the ground. I have not seen, or ordered any other statue or painting in my likeness."

Who was this Scotchman?—perhaps the artist, Jehan Power, who painted the banner of *La Pucelle*. In default of the evidence of contemporary paintings (of which there are none genuine authentically) can we obtain any proof from eye-witnesses. From the companion of the shepherd-girl of Domrémy—her childhood friends, the little girls with whom she wove garlands of flowers and danced round under the May trees, many were heard at the time of the trial for the Rehabilitation.

But their memory seems to have suffered the effects of time. If they agreed on the precocious piety and the miraculous seriousness of their companion, they differed about her characteristics. Some found her obstinate and determined, others as anxious and boorish. It would appear that the apotheosis at Rheims and the funeral pyre at Rouen had obscured in their memories the image of the little girl, open and sweet as a tender flower.

There were even contradictions in the evidence of her fellow soldiers, the companions who rode with her, shared the hazards of battle, the stand at the halting place, the bread and wine of victory. Some saw her strong, large, something of a virago. Others, little, slight, a young girl. One can explain some of these differences by the armour which she wore. When standing on the ground she was undoubtedly a girl of good height—but on horseback, on a charger, in white armour, she must have appeared fairylike, sublime. It is certain that she was beautiful, pleasant to see and hear, gracious in her movements, a good rider, laughing, radiant.

Jeanne d'Arc—was she fair or dark? Upon this subject the erudite have been able to decide nothing. There is, nevertheless, one bit of evidence, or rather there was once, for this relic has disappeared. When she was at Moulins on November 9, 1429, *La Pucelle* sent to the inhabitants of Riom a letter which was kept in the municipal archives of that town. When it was discovered in 1844 this letter bore a seal of red wax, and adhering to the wax was a black hair. Was it a hair from the head of Jeanne d'Arc? In order to ensure the inviolability of correspondence one used to drop in the hot wax either a bit of straw or a hair from the beard or from the head. And to finish this seal one pressed down the finger in the present-day method of finger prints.

This black hair, now vanished, substantiates the historians who described her as a dark beauty, though this type is not very usual in her native district. Let us admit that Jeanne followed the ordinary custom, but whose hair did she use to guard the secret of her letter (and this letter to a neighbouring town, was it so secret)?—she may possibly have pulled a hair from the curly mop of her page. One of her most enthusiastic biographers, Joseph Fabre, regretted that there was no authentic portrait of *La Pucelle*. But I am not of this opinion, for the slender facts we possess do not limit our imagination.

As in the case of Christ, everyone reconstitutes the heroine according to their own liking and their own country. The people in the north picture her as fair, those in the south as dark. The gentle see in her above all things, gentleness and pity. The strong emphasize her virile energy, the pious find the secret of her victories in her ardent mysticism, and the freethinkers see in the victim of the trial at Rouen a martyr of liberty of opinion. Thus under her symbolic banner the shepherdess unites all good Frenchmen.

But above all there is the evidence of her speech. The voice of her who heard the celestial voices is truly celestial—it is the miracle of the French language. For the greatest miracle of *La Pucelle* is neither the deliverance of Orléans, the coronation at Rheims, nor the sword of Fierbois, nor the restoration to life of the *enfant de Lagny*, nor the dove which escaped, loudly warbling, from the terrible fire, nor the heart of the French virgin, fresh as a rose from among the cinders . . . it is the language which she spoke! By her words she is allied to Joinville, La Fontaine, Molière, and Napoleon. The same lucidity, the same decision, the same soaring flight. Like Joinville she has *bonhomie*; like La Fontaine, a roguish humour, resembling the sparkle of champagne; like Napoleon, the art of speaking to soldiers and turning them into heroes.

ON TRIAL: The scene in Rouen Cathedral precincts when Joan of Arc appears to answer charges of heresy and witchcraft. She was condemned under the same laws enacted against the Manichaeans of the Albigensian movement, which was crushed out by the Papacy two centuries before

Her story commences like a fairy tale, and with the rhythm of a popular song. "In May, in the flower garden of my father, at the hour of noon, I heard a voice which made me afraid. It fascinated me. It said, 'Jeannette, be good.'" The wonderful voices tormented the young girl. She was only fourteen years old, but she was impelled by a strange power.

"I shall go to find the king, even if I wear my limbs to the bone. I must go—to-day rather than to-morrow, to-morrow rather than later, for there is now no other help than me. No one in the world, neither king nor duke, can restore the kingdom. Alas! I would much rather spin beside my poor mother, for it is not for me to make war. But I must go—it is the will of my Saviour."

At the examination by the learned priests and lawyers at Poitiers (to which she was subjected to test her verity) she was equally prompt and simple. She was asked, "Do you believe in God?"

"Better than you! In the name of God, I have not come to Poitiers to give signs. Take me to Orléans and I will prove my mission."

She knew no grammar, but she possessed something the grammarians don't—the gift of imagination and rhythm. All her words are decisive and unforgetable. She knew how to talk to the common soldiers. She was both familiar and heroic—she would touch glasses with *le poilu* and gently pull his ears and call him by his nickname. She even swore like other leaders of men. Louis XI swore by the *Pâques-Dieu*. Henry IV by *Ventre-Saint-Gris*, and Jeanne d'Arc, brave as Henry IV and clever as Louis XI, swore by "mon Martin." Before battle she generously offered peace to the enemy.

What letters those were she dictated from horseback, while the trumpets were sounding their fanfares and her pictured banner flapped in the wind. To Frère Paquerel kneeling beside her horse, *La Pucelle* dictated, "You, Suffolk Glasdas, I summon you by the King of Heaven to return to England. Give up the keys of the good towns which you have stolen. If not, await news of *La Pucelle*. By blows we shall see who has the better right."

This unlettered girl forestalled the most modern methods of arbitration and reconciliation of peoples. She is the patron of the Society of Nations. She really ought to have her statue at Geneva—she, who ordered the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy to spare the blood of their subjects. "High and renowned prince, *Jeanne La Pucelle* requires you in the name of the King of Heaven, my Sovereign Lord, that you and the King of France make a firm and good peace which shall be lasting. Pardon one another from your hearts entirely, as loyal Christians should do. And if you wish to fight, go against the Saracens"

Then there is the victorious dialectic of the trial. A whole council of prelates and lawyers tried to crush this country girl under quibbles. They put perilous questions to her—those which caused saints and theologians to stumble.

"Are you in a state of grace?"

"A deadly question," notes the clerk in the margin of the Procis during the agonizing silence. What can the village girl reply? If she says "Yes, I am in a state of grace!"—she will be told "You are only a presumptuous girl—the virtuous transgress seven times a day." If she says "No"—there would be the scornful retort, "How then do the saints of Paradise and the archangels seek the society of one who is not good."

But she, keen and quick, a Frenchwoman worthy of Joinville and of La Fontaine, replies, "If I am in a state of grace, God keep me there! If I am not, may it please God to put me there!"

PLAYS OF THE HOUR

Sasha

CONVENTION VERSUS *RESPECTABILITY: Mr. Aubrey Mather, Miss Madeleine Carroll, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Mr. Robert Douglas, in a moment from* After All, *the play by John van Druten of* Young Woodley *fame, running at the Criterion*

CONGRATULATIONS: Mr. Norman McKinnel is delighted to hear of the engagement of Miss Jane Millican to the son of his old friend in "To Account Rendered" at the St. Martin's

Sasha

MOTHER AND CHILD: Miss Madeleine Carroll and Miss Lilian Braithwaite in a poignant moment from Mr. van Druten's latest vehicle in After All, *in which he renders the human soul entirely subservient to extraneous circumstances and environment—now running successfully at the Criterion Theatre*

THE SEAMY SIDE: Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith and Miss Angela Baddeley in To Account Rendered, *which has just transferred to the St. Martin's Theatre—a play another scene from which is shown in the top left-hand illustration on this page.* Inset above *is a vivid scene from* Who Goes Next, *the war play just produced at the New Theatre, centring about a German prison camp. Hugh Dempster in centre*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

A ROOM *for* 1931

In the midst of the gloom of winter, a room has recently been designed and exhibited that typifies what will probably be the decorating style for 1931. It is meant to be a winter room, so everything is destined to make the room as warm and comfortable as possible.

The colour scheme is one that would suit most houses whether they be large or small. The walls are covered with a new wall covering called Coatastone, which gives an attractive rough cement surface, and sprayed with a warm apricot shade of paint, and the ceiling has been sprayed with cellulose paint of the same colour.

Against this setting has been placed a clever colour scheme, carried out in chocolate brown, beige, scarlet, and jade green. This scheme is emphasised by the large modern carpet by Da Silva Bruhns in a geometrical design in chocolate, beige, and jade, which covers most of the floor of the room. The comfortable armchairs and settee are covered in a novel yet warm and comfortable covering — Harris tweeds in beige and chocolate brown.

Until one sees chairs and furniture covered in tweed one cannot realise what an ideal furnishing fabric this material can be.

The curtains are made of a rich, warm-looking crushed beige velour. The walls have been painted with some gay and attractive frescoes by two clever young poster artists, Hailstone and Knight.

Finally, the doors of this very original room have been panelled with panes of mirror, and along one wall has been placed an interesting writing-table with a black cellulose top and circular chromium-plated bases. This touch of black and silver is emphasised by the chromium-plated tube chairs placed by it. In one corner by the windows there is a neat cocktail cabinet made in polished walnut, and another side of the room is filled with two stepped shaped bookcases, painted a brilliant scarlet.

D. P.

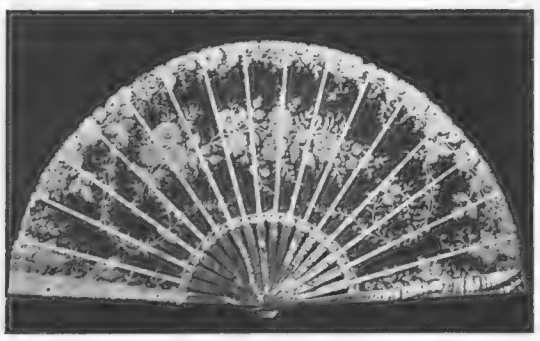
The 1931 room, designed by Betty Joel. The illustration shows a charming black cellulose-painted writing-table, with circular chromium-plated bases and chromium tube metal chairs to match

Another view of the room. The walls are painted in a warm apricot and decorated with frescoes in jade green depicting modern sports

The covers of the chairs and settee are carried out in Harris tweed and the walls above are decorated with a painted scene depicting sun-bathers

LADIES *prefer* LACE *this* YEAR

Not for many decades has there been such a determined revival of lace. Everything that can possibly be made of it is being made of it—frocks, coats, hats, capes, gloves, mittens, sunshades,



An exquisitely fine Honiton lace fan with Mother o' pearl sticks and guard

and so on *ad infinitum*. The word must be taken in its most comprehensively commercial sense, too, since it includes not only luxury laces like point d'Alençon and Chantilly at one end of the scale of values, but Beggar's lace (which is an old name for Torchon) and imitation Valenciennes at the other; to say nothing of such mere derivatives as crochet and tatting, which the professional connoisseur coldly and firmly refuses to recognise at all.

One rather noticeable feature about this year's fashions is the appearance on one's person of laces hitherto regarded as suitable to be worn by the house only. Macramé, for instance. Years and years ago, mantelpieces wore it; brackets wore it; and now Paris suggests that *we* should wear it as scarves and bérets, and bags and frock tops.

And a fabric rather unnerving like lace curtains of the baser sort is making a bid for popularity in the form of over-blouses.

And wool crochet yokes, reminiscent of early Victorian table mats are to be seen.

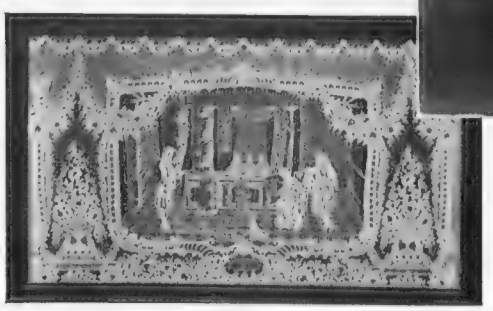
Never before, in the whole long history of lace, has there been such an embarrassment of riches from which to make one's choice, for art and craft and science have developed and combined to such good purpose that there is lace for everybody. Prices range from pence to pounds, and the colour possibilities are equally accommodating.

Examination of the newly-fashionable lingerie laces fails to reveal anything startlingly original in designs. Wisely, perhaps, they are following established traditions. There is much Valenciennes—*vraie* and *fausse*—which will froth and foam effectively on those frilly summer petticoats which are to be one of the outward and visible signs (literally, for they are meant to show) of our return to femininity.

There is also filet, which associates so amiably with crêpe de chine; this lace, in the main, exhibits floral designs, but there are some rather charming slightly architectural ones, too. Torchon, Maltese, Cluny, and blonde — these are a few more of the practical makes that are at our service.

There will undoubtedly be many people envying the possessors of old family lace — fortunate women who have but to take it out of the blue tissue paper in which it has been put away for so long, waiting for just such a time as this. The majority of wearers, however, will have to buy new lace, and there is absolutely no reason why they should not buy the real thing while they are about it. There is a prevalent idea that this is prohibitively expensive, but it is not. If you happen to know where to get it, you can have really beautiful hand-made lace at an absurdly low price, fine honest stuff that will wash and wear indefinitely, too.

M. Sherriff Mott



A unique panel of Point d'Alencon, showing Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon at the lace-seller's shop

A charming sunshade in the 1830 manner. Fine black Chantilly lace is placed over white silk, and the handle is of carved ivory

A PAGE of USEFUL ACCESSORIES

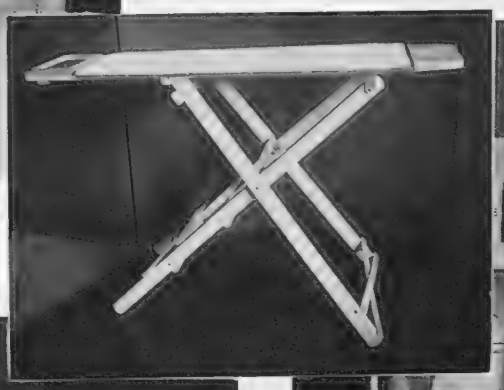
An electric boiling-ring is a very useful device, as it can be used for boiling a kettle, heating milk, or for general cooking purposes. It has many more uses than an electric kettle and costs no more. Price 15s. (Waring and Gillow)

This memorandum block is useful for telephone and other messages. A slight turn of the knob at the top and a clean surface is ready for the next message. From 4s. 6d. at Harrods

The "Veraneete" boot-wiper combines scraper and boot brushes in an exceedingly compact way, and will be appreciated by all housewives who value the appearance of their rugs and carpets. The price is 4s. 6d. (Whiteley)

This "work tidie" with its fitments is a great boon to the woman who likes to carry her sewing. Price 8s. 11d. (Gorringe)

The joys of a shower can be now experienced without the cost of a special shower-bath fitment. This portable spray may be attached to any tap, and used for shampooing as well as for a shower after the bath. It costs 25s. (Gamage)



THE WORLD OF WOMEN (continued)

All the bother of peeling potatoes can be saved by using this special potato or fruit masher. The vegetables are cooked *in their skins* and are then put in the machine. As the potatoes are mashed the skins are rejected at one end of the machine. It costs 9s. 6d. (Harrods)

Inset above—A combined step-ironing-board. When steps are required, the board folds flat, forming a support for the steps, and when the board is used for ironing the steps fold underneath to support the board. 21s. 9d. (Harrods)

Kitchen stores can be kept in good order if they are arranged in this special tin holder and they will always be at hand. The holder and its storage tins can be obtained in many bright and attractive colours which will tone with the existing scheme, and cost 18s. 6d. (Whiteley)

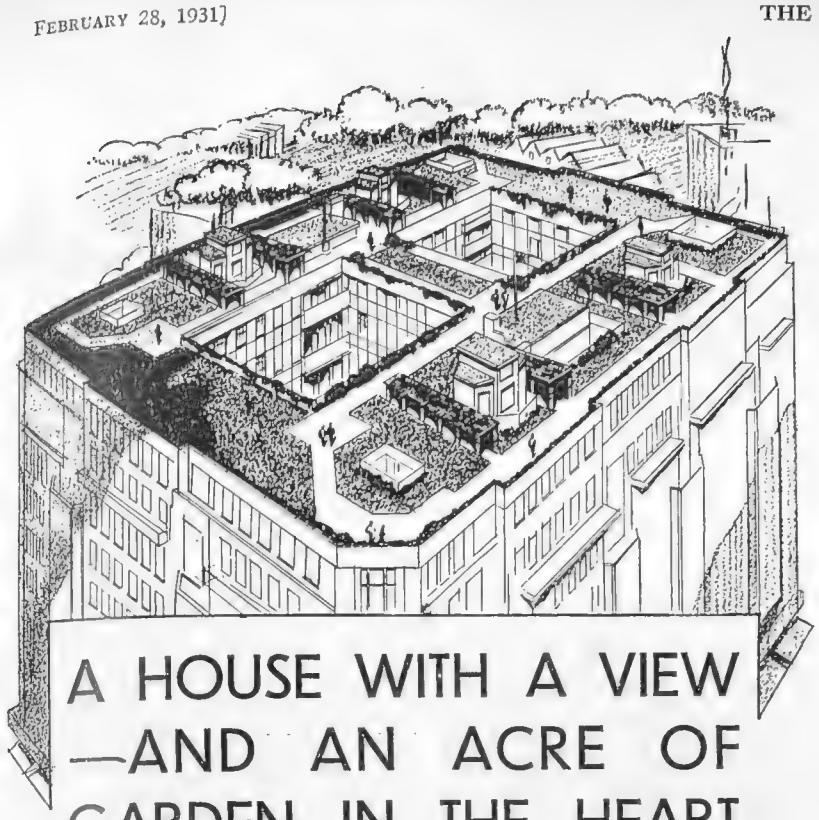
ATHLETICS

Men and Women Unite in the Cult of Health to Preserve Physical Fitness

THE LUNCH-HOUR GYM. : Many City workers spend a portion of their daily recess in keeping fit instead of dozing over cigarette and coffee

MAKING THE RIFLEMAN : A batch of recruits, at the depot of the Royal Berkshire Regiment at Reading, undergo Swedish drill and other calisthenics under the watchful eye of a physical training instructor. The men are—and must be—kept in the finest condition, for nothing so militates against bad marksmanship as lack of fitness

UP AND OVER : Competitors take an obstacle in the course of the Polytechnic Ladies' Athletic Club Cross-Country Championship held at Perivale—one of the many associations formed by modern women who, while not going so far in body-culture as the nudities of Germany, yet take great pains to keep fit. *Inset above on left*—"THE MANNEQUIN ROLL" : An exercise indulged in by City workers during their noon recess. *Inset above on right*—THE NEW ARMY IN THE MAKING : Following the recent recruiting campaign, many unemployed and unfit men are being rapidly whipped into shape. This picture shows physical training at the Kingston-on-Thames depot of the East Surrey Regiment



A HOUSE WITH A VIEW —AND AN ACRE OF GARDEN IN THE HEART OF LONDON

With the advent of Berkeley Court a dream has come true. A country estate with the town at its door is awaiting your inspection. Lose no time in calling.

It is, without exaggeration, astounding in its originality. The ground floor and basement comprise shops, etc., and above are 128 flats, more advanced in design than London has ever yet known. But Berkeley Court is no mere block of flats. Passing through the covered drive into a magnificent Patio, one is transplanted into another atmosphere. The bustle of town yields to the peaceful atmosphere of the country house. Here is rural seclusion without the inconvenience of travel. Why live in the country? A lift to the roof brings us to a vast garden—an acre of ground, beautifully laid out with ornamental flower beds, velvet lawns, pergolas and all the charm of a well-kept estate. And with a magnificent bird's-eye view of London! We shall be delighted to afford you every facility for viewing Berkeley Court. If you cannot call yet, write for descriptive brochure.

BERKELEY COURT

W·1·

BAKER STREET

If it's anything Electrical

IT WILL PAY YOU TO HAVE IT DONE BY EXPERTS.

OVER 1,000,000 LIGHTS ALREADY INSTALLED.

You will pay less in the long run and benefit by our 45 years' practical experience in every branch of Electrical Work, whether it be a complete installation for light and power, a small Automatic Plant, rewiring of existing installation, or wiring for lighting, cooking, heating from Public Service, let our engineer call and give advice and estimate free of cost.

Write for Catalogue No. 80.

DRAKE & GORHAM, Ltd.

36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Also

29, Piccadilly - - - MANCHESTER
58, West Campbell Street - - GLASGOW
20a, Bedford Circus - - - EXETER
105, High Street - - WINCHESTER

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

Along the SUNSHINE COAST

From Kent to Devon

A TOWN PROUD OF ITS SUN: A general view of Bournemouth, whose gentle climate, sheltered situation, fragrant pine trees, and many out-of-door and indoor amusements render it a favourite spring-time resort

People are beginning to think of the Easter Holidays, or week-ends, and the necessity for discovering some not too far distant resort to which they can either motor or go by train without spending too much time on the journey, and where the sunshine may be found, and a plenitude of amusement, is exercising the minds of many people.

The weather since Christmas has been singularly "short weight" as regards sunshine—if you can weigh sunshine!—but the resorts of the South Coast, as usual, have had quite a lot of sun when Londoners and the people in the Midlands and North have been going about complaining of the lack. So it is to the South Coast that the great stream of holiday makers is already beginning to flow in anticipation of Easter.

From Kent in the East to Devon in the West there is a splendid choice. Let us see what "the Sunshine Coast" has to offer.

There is Ramsgate on the Kentish coast built in a gap in the cliffs in the south-east corner of the so-called "Isle of Thanet." A picturesque place with a maritime flavour, a sheltered harbour, and much of the life and bustle that is always inseparable from a port. From the sea the town meets the eye rising picturesquely tier upon tier, and on both sides of the harbour are promenades which are much frequented on sunny days, and beautiful stretches of firm, clean sand. The gardens with their ornamental trees, especially those of the Rock Chine at the Western Undercliff, are thronged with holiday makers in winter and early spring, just as the beach is in the height of summer. As a health resort Ramsgate, with its keen fresh air, cannot be surpassed, and its open spaces are a feature of the town which prove one of its greatest assets. There are plenty of amusements too, hard court tennis all the year round, a new Recreation Ground at Jacky Baker's Farm, two theatres, the Royal Victoria Pavilion, cinemas, the West Cliff Concert Hall, and the Municipal Orchestra provides music and a reason for forgathering should the weather be unsettled.

Folkestone has its claims also. Here we have one of the most picturesque of the Kent coast watering places. It is so near London, indeed, and so popular that people are well advised to book their accommodation early. The town has an undeniable appearance of well-being, because the residential part has been admirably planned with wide well-kept streets, many bordered by trees, and with small gardens and flower beds. It has, moreover, the advantage of two distinct climates, so that the robust can enjoy the keen and tonic air which one gets in the more fashionable part on the higher cliffs, while those who are invalids or prefer a milder climate can obtain it in the less elevated portions of the town.

THE TOWN OF "THE LEAS": An impression of one portion of the front at Folkestone, a justly favourite resort at this, as at other times of the year

Who has not heard of the wonderful promenade 200 ft. above the sea level, bordered by magnificent hotels and residences, with wide grass plots and flower-beds, and known as the Leas. From this marine walk magnificent views are obtained, and in clear weather even the coast of France is to be seen. From the Leas delightful pathways, amid luxuriant and semi-tropical vegetation, descend to the Undercliff running by the sea. Along the Marine Promenade one can get as extended a walk as one wishes between Seabrook and North Hythe. Fine sands, which stretch from just a little to the east of the fish market to Copt Point, provide splendid bathing facilities. And, of course, the wonderful verdure-clad landslip at the foot of the cliffs known as the Warren, with its recently found site of a Roman maritime station forms another attraction.

The town's arrangements for the entertainment of visitors leave nothing to be desired for there are dramatic entertainments, band performances, and dances in the town and on the Victoria Pier, exceptionally good cinemas, facilities for tennis and bowls, and a fine eighteen-hole golf course. In the magnificent Leas Cliff Hall, which cost something like £100,000 and holds nearly two thousand people and faces the sea with magnificent views of the English Channel, one has splendid entertainments and music, and there is a pavilion in the Marine Gardens. Many famous people have found the attractions of Folkestone irresistible; among the novelists Dickens and Thackeray, and H. G. Wells in more recent times. The town prides itself on being called "Fashionable Folkestone," and at all holiday seasons of the year the place deserves the description.

Then, tucked away on the Kentish coast, there are some delightful little inland places. Rye, for example. Formerly one of the historic Cinque Ports of England, it is now left stranded inland about two miles from the sea upon which it once stood. It offers one fine air, facilities for sport, quietude, and much of picturesque and historic interest. Its narrow main street has many houses of long ago, and a medieval air that is charming. From various points there are delicious peeps of the flat meadows through which winds a shimmering waterway to the sea. And there is the watch tower or fortress known as the Ypres Tower, built in the twelfth century, and the formidable old gate set in the town wall by Edward III, and the old hospitals.

Nearby we have Hastings and St. Leonards overlooking a wide expanse of Channel seas with a fine sunshine record and magnificent air. The first is historic by reason of the battle between William the Norman and Harold the Saxon of long ago. Both towns are charming places at which to pass a long week-end or visit at Easter, or in the summer, and they offer all the amenities of a popular health resort, catering for all tastes in the matter of amusements, pastimes and excursions.

Eastbourne to-day is rather unique. Not only is it one of the most beautiful of south coast seaside resorts but it has its own clientèle and it has preserved a *cachet* or exclusiveness in an age which is not exclusive. If one has to apply an epithet one might use the term "aristocratic." Its terraces and roads have an air of being aloof from "trippers," and this is certainly the case with the possible exception of the month of August. Its delightful sea-front gardens and its tree-bordered Devonshire Park attracts the best class of holiday makers. Its facilities for outdoor and indoor amusements, theatres, cinemas, dancing, the Pavilion or Devonshire Park, and all-the-year-round tennis, bowls and golf, make it a very desirable place for holiday makers. Music naturally plays its part in the attractions provided by the municipal authorities, who also maintain the exquisite gardens of the town in the highest state of perfection. Then there are the attractions of historic Beachy Head, and the fine stretch of the neighbouring Downs with their delightful old-world villages hidden in their folds, and breezy uplands to tempt motorists to engage in tours of exploration.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS": The open-air concerts (which can be attended in shelters) even in inclement weather, are one of the many attractions at Eastbourne

Everyone knows that "Dr. Brighton" is a well-deserved description for the popular watering-place which has also become known as "London by the Sea." No other place on the south coast has so wonderful a sea front, more bracing air, more brilliant sunshine, and such a variety and brightness of social life. Hove lawns are on most Sunday mornings the rendezvous not only of the residents of Hove, but of all the celebrities of other places that have been drawn to Brighton on holiday bent. Gay and popular in the reigns of the Georges, Brighton has still retained—nay increased—its popularity. And its Pavilion still remains a social centre and a memorial, after more than a century and a half, of the escapades of "the first gentleman of Europe," who, as Prince of Wales, first visited the town in 1783.

Is the weather bad at Brighton? Well, sometimes, and then its wonderful opportunities for enabling holiday folk to make the best of things are seen to advantage. Nobody, we think, could be dull at Brighton, with its piers, bands, theatres, dance halls, cinemas—a brilliant life—and at holiday seasons all these attractions are intensified. Then there is the lovely hinterland of the Downs, and golf, tennis, and outdoor sports for outdoor people.

Bognor Regis must not be overlooked, for it is a delightful place, which Londoners of late years have made a sort of annex to the Metropolis, and other people have visited in increasing numbers. Hundreds of cars go to Bognor every Sunday in fine weather for the sake of its beautiful air, magnificent sands, and sunshine. And small wonder for Bognor's air is a tonic of undeniable potency.

Southsea is just the place for a week-end or Easter holiday. The town has become known as "Sunny Southsea," but a colonial friend renamed it "Snappy Southsea" because of its gay bright life—seemingly inseparable from the "Services" element—wide common and splendid amusements of all kinds, and then there is Portsmouth harbour, linked so closely with it, with its historic interest and picturesque charm.

Bournemouth, right in the middle of the South Coast, easily reached from all parts of the country, with its fine hotels and boarding houses, its magnificent bay and splendid undercliff and overcliff promenades, has extraordinary charm. It has been called "Peerless Bournemouth," and it deserves this description because for beauty of situation, charm of planning, equableness of climate, and many attractions in the way of amusements, it cannot be excelled.

Although nowadays so great a town of upwards of 100,000 inhabitants, it has retained much of its natural beauty, and is, indeed, famous for this all the world over. Outdoor and indoor amusements of every kind Bournemouth has provided for the visitor. And placed as it is in the centre of a wonderful excursion and motoring district, with a magnificent pavilion, fine Municipal orchestra, three golf courses, and half a dozen others within easy reach, theatres, dance halls, first rate cinemas, all amid surroundings that are charming, what wonder that Bournemouth has an all-the-year-round season, and is literally "packed" at holiday times.

Over the border to Dorset and one comes to Weymouth set in the gentle curve of a beautiful bay, which has been compared with the Bay of Naples, with fine sands, a magnificent promenade, facilities for games and sports, including hunting in the neighbourhood, and several golf courses, good hotels and boarding houses, fine air and magnificent sea views, and the hinterland of the "Hardy" country, and many villages of great beauty and interest. Indoor amusements, too, have not been neglected. And because of the services from Weymouth to the Channel Islands the harbour, picturesque with craft of all kinds, is also a busy, bustling one with the departure of the Cross Channel steamers. Grim and rocky Portland, Hardy's "Isle of Slingers," is an attraction jutting out into the Channel seas.

Someone has named Torquay the "Glory of Devon," and if by that one means the chief and outstanding town of its coast line there will be none to dispute the title. Charmingly situated, built on several hills, with an exquisite coast line, beautiful Torbay lying within a curve formed by the town and Bolt Head, with fine stretches of sand and a wonderful climate, making possible the flourishing of semi-tropical trees and plants in the open air, and surrounded with exquisite scenery, Torquay is indeed a resort of beauty and charm. Even its hotels, many of them have distinction.

There is no better season at Torquay than Spring, for the place then is, indeed, enchanting, though Summer has its yachting and happy seaside life. Torquay, too, can claim surroundings of unrivalled beauty and of much historic interest. Exeter with its Cathedral, the vast wild stretches of Dartmoor and Exmoor, the lovely Dart and quaint Dartmouth, scores of villages and charming hamlets, and great Plymouth, with its historic Hoe, wonderful Sound and unrivalled facilities for amusement are all within easy reach. Torquay, too, offers facilities for all kinds of outdoor as well as a splendid choice of indoor amusements, and what more can one require?

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

HARRODS

Gate-leg
TABLES

So compact—so versatile—so decorative withal—these occasional tables are indispensable in the modern home where space is at a premium. They are tastefully designed and made by craftsmen, of weathered oak.

Height 21 ins. **£3·3**

Furniture Galleries—Third Floor.

Luxurious Cretonne Suites

Settee, £29 · 15 · 0

Easy Chair, £18 · 18 · 0

'The Modern Home'—a complete illustrated guide to furnishing and decoration—sent free on request.

The 'Bath' Suite

The sheer relaxing comfort of this Suite is a revelation. Yet it is designed to take as little room as possible, and there is not an unnecessary inch of it. It is made to the highest standards of the furnishing craft, and covered with all-linen Cretonne of artistic design. The loose cushions for seat and back are filled with purified down.

SETTEE	EASY CHAIR	WING EASY CHAIR
3 ft. 2 ins. deep × 4 ft. 7 ins. wide, **£29·15**	3 ft. 2 ins. deep × 2 ft. 6 ins. wide, **£18·18**	3 ft. deep × 2 ft. 9 ins. wide, **£9·17·6**

Wing Easy Chair, £9 · 17 · 6

GALERIES LAFAYETTE LTD.

Tel.: Regent 6740. REGENT STREET, W.1

RENOWNED FOR SPRING FABRICS, UNCOMMON AND OF HIGH QUALITY AT REASONABLE PRICES.

"PETER PAN" COTTON FABRICS.—A wonderful range of this reliable make, in charming designs and shades—exclusive to GALERIES LAFAYETTE—fully guaranteed washable, unaffected by sun and sea air, especially suitable for frocks and lingerie. 35 to 40 ins. wide. Per yard **1/9** and **1/6**

STOCKINETTE.—Our popular quality, pure wool, fine weave, wonderfully soft but firm; for jumpers, skirts and dresses. In black and seasonable shades. In the most economical width of 2 yards ... ... Per yard **6/11**

"SHETLAND ARMURE" or PLAIN TWEED. New woollen material, fancy designs in plain colours. Very fashionable for dresses and light coats. In black and season's colourings, about 54 ins. wide ... Per yard **10/6** and **8/11**

CREPE SATIN.—Delightfully soft for afternoon and evening gowns, déshabillés, etc. Thoroughly reliable quality offered in a large range of the latest colours, also ivory and black. 38 ins. wide ... ... Per yard **7/11**

PRINTS.—Beautiful range of new designs and colourings for the Spring. Hereunder are two examples of unprecedented value:
PRINTED CREPE DE CHINE. 38 ins. wide. Per yard **4/11**
PRINTED CHIFFON. 38 ins. wide ... Per yard **4/11**

FOR TWO WEEKS
Commencing **MONDAY 2nd MARCH**
SPECIAL FABRICS DISPLAY

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT

"ROGUE" (*Regd.*
Delightful model with soft roll-up brim, suitable for all occasions. **25/-**

Obtainable from any of our Agents, or sent on approval, on receipt of cash or London reference.

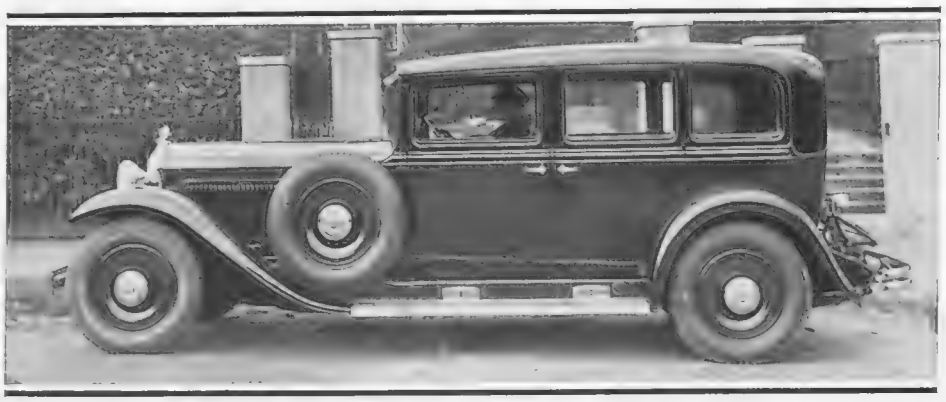
The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

ONE HUNDRED M.P.H. IN A MIDGET! The fact that a "baby car," in the shape of an M.G. Midget has officially exceeded 100 m.p.h. is another prominent feather in the cap of the British Motor Trade. Mr. G. E. T. Eyston recently broke four International Class records on one of these M.G.'s and thus has the honour of being the first man to attain 100 m.p.h. on a "baby" car. The recent records in the same class set up by Captain Malcolm Campbell on an Austin Seven still hold good as they were not over the same distances as those established by Mr. Eyston. These performances undoubtedly show that in this smallest practical class Britain is supreme just as she is in cars of unlimited capacity like Captain Campbell's Napier-Campbell car. We are rather apt to receive this astounding speed on the M.G. and on the Austin Seven as a matter of course but it is really a marvellous result and the manufacturers concerned deserve all credit. The public must not assume, of course, that if they buy one of these "baby" cars they can go and do likewise. Neither of these cars is perfectly standard production but at the same time I would like to make it quite clear that they are not freak racing models but merely hotted up chassis.

Whilst referring to the Austin Seven I would like to mention that Sir Herbert Austin's new model, the "Twelve-Six," which was only recently introduced, is now selling like the proverbial hot cakes. Although I have not tried one of these new cars I have seen many of them going along the roads and their silence and smoothness of running have impressed me. We are certainly getting close to the age of miracles when a car of this excellence and with a high grade six-cylinder engine can be sold as a saloon to the public for £198.



FOR LUXURY MOTORING: The 8-cylinder 22–28-h.p Minerva limousine, the price of which has been reduced to £895. This price includes extra equipment which adds a further touch of refinement and safety to this very successful model

WHAT TO CALL THE MOBILE POLICE.—Most motorists have now seen, if they have not heard, some of the new motoring police. Everyone appears to be worried as to what nickname these new custodians of the road will possess. Foot police are known as "Roberts" or "Bobbies," after Sir Robert Peel, and it has been suggested that in honour of the Minister of Transport, Mr. Herbert Morrison, the new motor-mounted constables should be known as "Berties." Somehow or other I do not think that this name will catch on but I was rather amused to receive a suggestion from Shell-Mex Ltd., that they should be affectionately referred to as "Crikeys," after the two-headed policeman in their famous advertisement. Shell-Mex Ltd., consider that these new policemen will all be Malcolm Campbells or Kaye Dons by the time the stories of their exploits filter through to the club smoking rooms, and pedestrians enjoying the chase from the comparative security of a ditch will soon be taking up the slogan "That's a Crikey that was." Absurd as this may appear to be I think the word "Crikey" is far more mannish than the alternative "Berties."

A NEW OIL.—Upper cylinder lubrication is not by any means new, but it is somewhat startling to learn that one of our best known and largest oil companies, Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd., have now produced a new grade of lubricating oil specially prepared for this purpose. No one will be foolish enough to argue that oil specially introduced into the cylinders above the pistons can do anything but good, and I hope, therefore, that the interest taken in this matter by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., will focus the attention of the public on the extreme desirability of lubricating this part of their engine. The new oil is known as "Castrollo" and it is supplied in pint and quart tins. A very small quantity of this special oil is added to the petrol in the tank, the actual proportion being 1 quart to 150 gallons of petrol.

The screw filter cap on the oil tin is cup-shaped so as to form a convenient measure for the oil. For those who do not know I would add that upper cylinder lubrication is good for the top end of the cylinder, the piston rings and valves and it helps considerably in the elimination of "knocking." It should also prevent valves from sticking, allow of easier starting, and reduce the amount of carbon deposit.

A POINT CLEARED UP.—A question has been raised on the position of motorists registering their cars for the summer months and requiring insurance to cover the period during which it is proposed to drive. It has been suggested that whilst it is possible to register a car for six months, the minimum period for which a car can be insured to comply with the Road Traffic Act is one year. The R.A.C. points out that it is possible to insure a car for third party insurance for any period from one week to a year, but that when the period exceeds eight months the full annual premium is usually demanded. The R.A.C. also draws attention to the impression which undoubtedly exists that insurance companies are refusing to cover the so-called bad drivers. This, however, is not the case, and there should be no difficulty in anyone being able to effect the necessary insurance, unless his record is so bad that from everybody's point of view he would be better off the road altogether.

I have now had this car long enough to satisfy myself that it is far and away the best motor-car I have ever owned and I cannot speak highly enough of it.
I use it very considerably on the Continent where I drive it very fast and do not spare the car at all.
No car that I have owned has stood up to my severe work without giving considerable trouble after about 5,000 miles, but the 'Phantom II' seems to like it.
It really is a wonderful car, and I consider there is nothing on the road—except a pure and simple racing car—that can pass it; yet with all you do not appear to have sacrificed any of the wonderful Rolls-Royce qualities which have made your name so famous throughout the World. I refer, of course, to silence, smoothness, absence of vibration and general refinement throughout the chassis.

From C. R. Fairey Esq. Chairman and Managing Director of the Fairey Aviation Co. Ltd

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6040

ROLLS-ROYCE
THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

THE TWENTY WHITEHALL SALOON

Suppose you designed your own car . . .

You would specify—you would demand—certain essentials. First and foremost your car would have to be *outstandingly dependable*.

You would demand fine appearance, pleasing lines. You would demand comfort, safety and riding ease. And with these qualities should be combined good performance—good all-round performance, not necessarily spectacular, short-lived speed.

All these demands are met by the new Austin Twenty five-seater Whitehall and Mayfair Saloons. The outstanding dependability of the six-cylinder chassis is recognised—acclaimed. In the new graceful bodies which give a companionable atmosphere for both driver and passengers, are comfort and luxury of appointment not found even in many more expensive cars—deep, well-sprung seating, the finest upholstery, adjustable seats, folding occasional tables, folding foot-rests, disappearing central arm-rests, side arm-rests . . . sunshine roofs.

With this outstanding dependability, this beauty, this comfort offered at such moderate price, is coupled satisfying performance more than capable of meeting all demands made of it—as unflagging, as gallant at the season's end as on the first thousand miles. Talk matters over more fully with your nearest Austin dealer.

The Twenty Whitehall Saloon

£530

(AT WORKS)

The Mayfair Saloon (six-window) £530. Wheelbase 10 ft. 10 in. Coachbuilt, with rear quarter fabric covered and built-in trunk. Upholstered in fine carriage cloth or Vaumol hide. Full equipment includes Triplex glass, chromium plating and Dunlop tyres. Sliding Sunshine Roof, £10 extra.

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

The PETROL World — (Cont.)

The 25-h.p. 6-cylinder SUNBEAM: A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

IMPROVING THEIR BEST.—My previous knowledge of Sunbeam performance certainly tended to start me off in a favourable mood when I recently tested one of the latest 25-h.p. 6-cylinder Weymann Enclosed Limousine models. I expected great things of the car, and I can say quite candidly that I was not disappointed. On the contrary, I was surprised to find that the makers of this well-known chassis had been able to improve on their previous best.

The actual car placed at my disposal was an imposing and roomy vehicle capable of holding seven people. The colour scheme was brown fabric with panels of a lighter hue. The interior was upholstered to match and was fitted out in a style which appeared to ignore cost in any way. Two features in particular pleased me inside the body. First of all, all the seats with the exception of the two occasional ones were fitted with down cushions into which the occupant sank in real comfort. Secondly, there was the neatest glass partition between the front and rear seats that I have ever seen. Usually this partition when designed so as to be lowered entails upright pillars which immediately prevent the interior of the car looking like a saloon, but in this particular Sunbeam the whole partition could be made to sink completely out of view by turning a regulating handle. The car is, therefore, a genuine saloon and limousine combined.

ENGINE AND BRAKES.—The 6-cylinder engine is a remarkably neat-looking unit, in fact it looks so simple from the outside that the novice could be pardoned for believing that half the essentials had been left out. This innocent looking engine is, however, surprisingly lively. The chassis to which it is fitted is by no means light, yet it does the work in a quiet, steady, silent manner. It is dead smooth at all speeds, and in trying it round Brooklands I found that the speedometer needle went up to 68 m.p.h. For a big car no greater speed is necessary, but the characteristic of the car is its top gear running combined with really good acceleration. I discovered during my tests that unless road conditions forced me to come to a standstill there was no necessity to change down from top gear. In getting away even from a walking pace there was no sign of snatch or hesitation, and by depressing the accelerator pedal the car quickly gained speed.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to put on record that this Sunbeam car possesses one of the nicest braking systems that I have ever come across on a British motor-car. A Dewandre vacuum servo assists the driver, but all the leverages in the system have been so well thought out that the driver is able to exercise perfect control over the very powerful brakes at his command. I have a perfect horror of anyone driving a car "on its brakes," but I confess that if I owned one of these 25-h.p. Sunbeams I should be sorely tempted to drive in this manner, although I consider it distinct evidence of bad driving. The steering was light and the lock available satisfactory. After driving many cars the steering design of which is different from that on the Sunbeam I found at first the slight shocks transmitted to my hands by the inequalities of the road surface somewhat strange, but after a few miles at the wheel I became quite accustomed to this slight peculiarity.

A CAR OF QUALITY.—The gear-box was not tested to any great extent but on the few occasions when I did employ an indirect gear the pinions revolved quietly. The gear lever is placed on the right of the driver rather far forward, but as gear changes are few and far between this slight disadvantage is of no great importance. On the road this car behaved like a thoroughbred, in fact the moment I got the car on the move I realized that all the vast experience which the Sunbeam Company has gained in the strenuous field of motor racing has not been forgotten. There is a subtle difference between this car and some of its competitors the manufacturers of which have not the benefit of racing experience.

Amongst human beings we should probably call it breeding, but although it is a quality which defies definition it is there all the same and can be easily experienced by anyone who has driven many makes of car.

The price of this very completely equipped and roomy motor-car is just under £1,000. There are many gadgets included which would be extras on most other cars.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 25-H.P. 6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM

Engine — Monobloc Casting with Detachable Head.	Brakes — All Four Wheels. Dewandre Servo. Hand Brake operates separate Shoes.
Bore and Stroke — 80 mm. and 120 mm.	Final Drive — Spiral Bevels.
Clutch — Single Plate.	Electrical Equipment — Rotax 12 volt.
Gear-box — Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.	Wheelbase — 11 ft. 5⅜ ins.
Steering — Screw and Nut.	Track — 4 ft. 9 ins.
Springs — Semi-Elliptic Front, Cantilever Rear.	Annual Tax — £24.

Manufacturers:

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., MOORFIELD WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON

UNDER REVIEW: The latest 25-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam Weymann enclosed limousine capable of seating seven people. The roominess of the body combined with the smoothness of the engine make it an exceptionally attractive car

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A commander of a ship recently wrote to this Society in these words: "The *Arethusa* boys who joined the Royal Navy were, in my experience, of an excellent type (due to their training), being honest, clean, and willing, so that I hope your Society will be the last I shall have to curtail my subscription to." This great work of training boys for a sea life needs help. Please send all gifts to the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SUNSHINE PLEASURE CRUISES

SUNSHINE just when you need it most is offered by these two Spring Cruises to the glorious Mediterranean.

The Motor Cruiser "Stella Polaris" will transport you into scenes of unequalled enchantment, through days of warm sunshine that will drive away all ill-effects of a trying winter.

Make up your mind to pack and get away either on March 27 or April 17.

MARCH 27—21 DAYS

1st class rail London (Liverpool Street Station) to Harwich (Parkeston Quay), sailing March 27th, arriving Monaco, April 16th. 1st class rail to London via Paris and Calais on April 16th or any following date.

APRIL 17—27 DAYS

1st class rail from London, April 16th (or any previous date) via Calais and Paris. Sailing from Monaco, April 17th. Arriving Southampton, May 13th. 1st class rail to Waterloo Station.

These cruises, which end or commence respectively at Monaco, save the sea journey between England and the Mediterranean, thus enabling a greater variety of places to be visited in the time allotted to each Cruise.

For illustrated folder of these and other Mediterranean Cruises, apply Passenger Agent, B. & N. Line, Royal Mail, Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. (Tel. Whitehall 4172), or L. & N.E. Railway, 71, Regent St., W.1, 59, Piccadilly, W.1 and leading Tourist Agents.

MOTOR CRUISER

STELLA POLARIS

Why not order a few bottles and get YOUNGER at home? See your Wine Merchant to day

Ask for it in your Club

'YOUNGER' for YOU

"THAT'S the motto for the overtaxed" says Father William. "Younger's," you know, is one of the good things which lighten our burdens: the cheery glow of it is something to be truly thankful for.

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S Scotch Ale

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast

OGDEN'S

Warwick Wright Says

"GEARS WITHOUT TEARS"

The expression of acute apprehension often exhibited by drivers who are other than expert need no longer be seen.

That anguished look, when the hand seeks the gear lever, has gone for ever.

The Armstrong Siddeley Pre-selective Self-changing Gear calls for no more imagination, ability or experience than is needed to move a small trigger mounted on the steering wheel.

A perfectly silent change is made to or from any gear, at any speed.

If you would rid yourself for ever of the bugbear of gear changing, and know what real pleasure motoring is, then you must try this

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "15"

in which you will find more roomy accommodation and luxury than can be found in any other car of its type.

Users report mileages around the 100,000 mark without the slightest trouble.

SALOON £365 COMPLETE

Warwick Wright Ltd

150 NEW BOND STREET W1 MAYFAIR 2904

Woodwright

The "PLUS" MONACO £298
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The "Plus" features of the Riley NINE

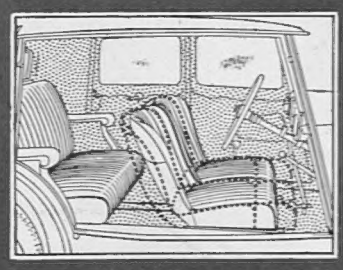
Roomy Coach-work The roominess of the Riley coach-work is exceptional. In width there is no cramping, and leg room, both fore and aft, is such as to ensure a maximum of comfort. For this result, the close collaboration of chassis and body designers is responsible. The front seats are adjustable on the Leveroll principle, and the comfort of the rear seat passengers is enhanced materially by the well-floor. Further, the rear seat occupants, being seated well in front of the rear axle, are practically immune from road shocks

"PLUS" IN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE!

Look for other features and, in the meantime, ask us to arrange a demonstration.

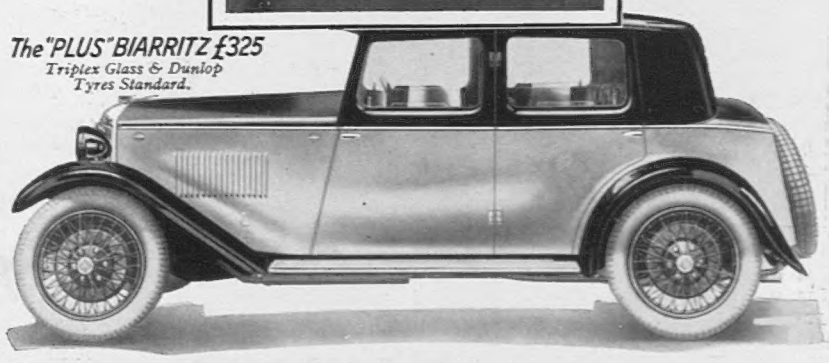
RILEY (Coventry) Ltd.
COVENTRY

& 42 North Audley St.
London, W.1



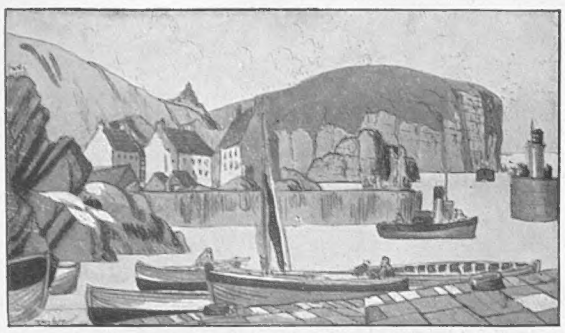
Catalogue and "The Riley Record" (our monthly magazine) upon request.

The "PLUS" BIARRITZ £325
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.



WINNERS of "THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

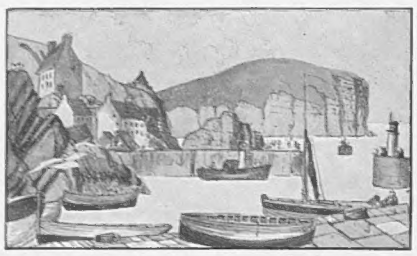
THE PICTURE COMPETITION FOR ALL AGES



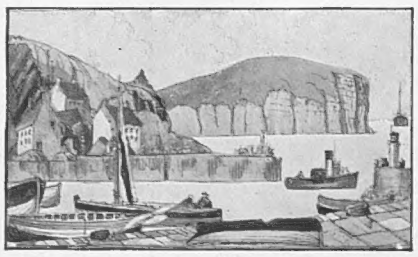
FIRST PRIZE: The entry by Mr. Frank H. Knight, Mildura, Cranleigh, Surrey

The Picture Competition proved, if anything, more popular than ever during the past Christmas Season. Due time was allowed for replies to come in from outlying parts of the Empire, and in fact from every continent of the world responses more or less successful have rolled in. The task set before the competitor was to cut out certain portions of a scene and to paste them on to a given background in such a way as to recreate as nearly as possible the scene originally drawn by the artist. The problem appeared on the face to be an easy one—in fact one competitor writing from afar, said please give us a more difficult one next time (he has not won a prize!). A great number of competitors succeeded in arranging the lighthouse and pier in the correct positions—very few perceived the correct arrangement of the rocks which should have occupied a position on the left. The actual scene is that of St. Abbs's Harbour in Berwickshire. No reader gave a precisely correct reconstruction, but the prizewinners approach an accurate solution.

The following is the list of prize winners:—First prize: Mr. Frank H. Knight, Mildura, Cranleigh, Surrey. Second prize: Mrs. J. Haigh, 101 Ploce, Dubrovnik, Jugoslavia. Third prize: Miss Liptrott, St James' Vicarage, Teignmouth, Devon.



SECOND PRIZE: The essay of Mrs. J. Haigh, 101 Ploce, Dubrovnik, Jugoslavia



THIRD PRIZE: The submission by Miss Liptrott, St. James' Vicarage, Teignmouth, Devon

The following are awarded Honourable Mention:—P. F. Baker, Chatham House, State School, Buckingham. Miss L. Bishop, Edina House, Bathurst, Gambia, W. Africa. F. J. Bullen, 518, St. Ermin's, Caxton Street, S.W.1. M. H. Cooke, 15, Goldenacre Terrace, Edinburgh, N.B. H. E. Couch, Walton House, 27, St. James Street, Weston-super-Mare. C. Dent, 8, Little St. Mary's Lane, Cambridge. E. H. Fawcitt, The Grammar School, Fowey, Cornwall. Mr. R. Fetzer Taylor, Grundisburgh House, near Woodbridge, Suffolk. Miss I. Flint, 13, Milford Road, Harborne, Birmingham. A. B. Ford (8½), 21,300, Brandley Road, Shaken Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. Mrs. B. M. Goffey, Amalfi, 26, Hesketh Road, Southport. Mrs. A. M. Goulden, 10, Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles. Miss Ewa Grocholska, Señotorska 22m 36, Warsaw, Poland. Miss H. E. Hunkley, 5, The High Path, Easebourne, Midhurst, Sussex. W. E. Hughes, Woodburn, Broomfield Lane Hall, Altringham, Cheshire. Mrs. M. Johns, Angmering, 10, Watchbell Street, Rye, Sussex. Mrs. M. Salusbury Jones, 16, Hamlet Road, Haverhill, Suffolk. Miss Enid Livermore, Maycroft, Furzefield Road, Reigate, Surrey. Com. F. C. Lucas, R.N. (ret.). Deva Cottage, Southside, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks. Com. H. L. Lucas, R.N., Formosa, Hennapyn Road, Torquay. Mrs. R. Nash, Chirk Lodge, Romsey, Hants. Hayward Parrott, 1, Church Street, Aylesbury, Bucks. Yonosuke Saka, 735, Sendagaya, Tokio, Japan. Mrs. Savill Boleyns, near Braintree, Essex. W. H. Scamell, Lado, Headley Chase, Warley, Essex. Miss Barbara Tonge, 15, Whitelake Avenue, Flixton, Manchester. Rear-Admiral G. Wells, Eastham Cottage, Eastham, near Chichester, Sussex. Miss E. Wellsted, 27, Crown Road, Great Yarmouth. Mrs. Whitaker, Perrymead View, Greenway Lane, Bath, Wilts.

THE STORY COMPETITION

The competition for children in THE SPHERE Christmas Number took the form of writing a story from a series of small drawings made with the customary skill of Mr. George Morrow. Competitors were cautioned to follow closely the hints given in the various drawings. The prizes have gone to those who showed the closest observation of the facts conveyed. Some competitors went far beyond the material supplied by Mr. Morrow, and were penalized in consequence. The theme was the dream of the little boy. Replies for this competition came from every continent in the world. The results of the competition are as follows:—

First Section:—

First prize, £1 1s. Irene Douglass, St. Chad's, Bracebridge Road, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

Second prize, 10s. 6d. Kate Parker, 10, W. O. Quarters, Defence Reserve, Pretoria, South Africa.

Highly commended:—Patricia Coote, 7, St. George's Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Vere King, Richmond Road, Horsham, Sussex; Doris Ekers, 135, Danoin Buildings, Crail Road, Walworth; Margaret Teale, Cottingham, E. Yorks; Joyce Cope, "Greenhills," Buxton Old Road, Macclesfield; A. S. F. Anderson, Bucklebury, Berks; C. Rose, 104, College Road, S.E.21.

Second Section:—

First prize, 10s. 6d. Arthur Finn, 21, Wellington Road, St. Paul's, Bristol.

Second prize, 5s. Rerin K. Okerjee, 31, Altamont Road, Cumbella Hill, Bombay, India.

Highly commended:—Joan Hibbs, Le platon Home, Guernsey; Joan Burne, Salmon Arm, B.C., Canada; A. Hooper, Gt. Malvern; Basil De Mel, Colombo, Ceylon; Barbara Milne Horne, Winchester; Elizabeth Whitehead, Montreal, Canada; Betty Wright, Tenterden, Kent.

Third Section:—

First prize, 10s. 6d. Deirdre Molteno, Woodlands, West Byfleet.

Second prize, 5s. Mercy Bing, Rockport, Craigavad, Co. Down.

Highly commended:—Elizabeth Foy, Taunton, Somerset; E. Hackett, Cork, Ireland; Geoffrey Waddell, Bordighera, Italy; Phœbe Crump, Salisbury, Wilts; Sophie Marshall, Rapallo, Italy.

Fourth Section:—

Prize, 5s. Maureen Bungey, 53, Route de Say Zoong, Shanghai, China.

Highly commended:—Harold Davidson, Hastings; Juliet Ponsonby, Cobbe Place, Lewis, Sussex.

RUBINAT-LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

British Medical Journal says:—

RUBINAT-LLORACH

"A comparatively small dose suffices—a wine-glassful (fasting)."

RUBINAT-LLORACH

Of all Chemists, Drug Stores, etc.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF

The Sphere

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s.10d	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* ____ *months, commencing with the issue of* ____

for which I enclose ____

Name ____

Address ____

Date ____ 1931

Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.*

Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E. 1

VICHY ETAT

New models at £105 and £135

9 ft. 6 in. caravan for 9 h.p. car with sleeping accommodation for three adults. Price £105.

12 ft. caravan for 11 h.p. car, separate sleeping compartments, for four adults. Price £135.

Both fully furnished. Other models from £98 to £500.

ECCLES

MOTOR CARAVANS LTD

Also builders of Caravans on Motor Chassis, Mission Vans, Motor and Trailer Horse Boxes, Luggage Trailers, and Four-Wheel Lorry Trailers.

Write for literature PLEASE SPECIFY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE "K"

WORKS STIRCHLEY BIRMINGHAM.

SPORTING BRONZES Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

The Sphere of Travel

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Stand, W.C. 2.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 28, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

STOPS

MOTOR SICKNESS

Travel sickness eliminates the enjoyment of motoring for thousands. The sensation of constant motion results in exhaustion, stomach disturbances, dizziness and headaches. "Mothersill's" stops and prevents the discomfort of travel by Sea, Train, Air or Motor at once.

For Sale by Chemists

Make your next trip in comfort with "Mothersill's"

E23

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
92 Fleet St., London, E.C. 4
Montreal New York Paris

FOR HEALTH ASSURANCE USE WRIGHT'S

A WISE INVESTMENT *a small premium.*

With 6d. you can make one of the wisest investments in the world. You can ensure, for such a small premium, a measure of protection for your health and happiness—a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Wright's will give you cleanliness. It will guard your health against infection. It will refresh you after travel and repay its cost twelvefold.

DON'T TAKE RISKS Use

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet.

USE WRIGHT'S AS A REGULAR HEALTH POLICY

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

DUTCH
HEINEKENS
— LAGER
Importers:
H. D. RAWLINGS LTD., LONDON, S.E.5

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and
THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. 3

Cuticura Shaving Stick

Begin enjoying your shave today! What better way to start the day than to shave with **Cuticura Shaving Stick.** It gives you a clean, smooth shave without the slightest irritation and leaves the skin in good condition.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.,
Talcum 1s. 3d. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Woolacombe Bay Hotel
N. DEVON Station: Mortehoe.

In the most beautiful Bay of North Devon. Four miles of Sands, Rocky Coves, Shell Beaches, Charming Private Gardens.

Hard and Green Tennis Courts and Private Miniature Golf Course just completed. Public Golf Links adjoining. Hot and Cold Water in Hotel Bedrooms. Central Heating. Lift. Quite exceptional Cuisine and Wines.

Telephone: 7 WOOLACOMBE.
Telegrams: "HOTEL WOOLACOMBE."

STAMPS

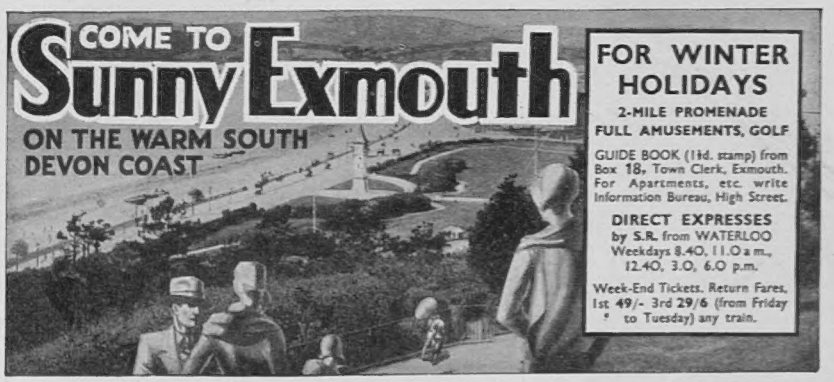
Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.



SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

An Ideal Companion
for holidays rambles & tours

WATSON'S
"VEDET"
Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Take a "VEDET" with you at home and abroad. See the detail of minaret and dome, the movement of Nature's shy wonders and bring the far-away happening within your range of vision.

The "VEDET" is only 7 ozs. in weight and 4 ins. in length, but gives the definition and magnification of a large, heavy binocular and focusses more easily.

Prism-binocular construction, but with only one barrel. Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag .. £3 17 6

Write for particulars.

W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd., 313 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 28, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.